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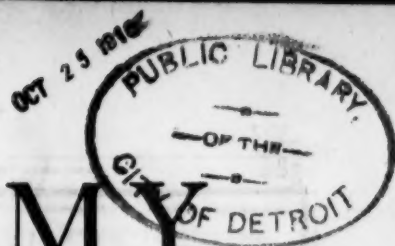
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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE speech delivered by Lord Charles Beresford at the Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield commands our entire approval. On such an occasion the speaker was bound to avoid political lines, and we think his remarks gained in authority from that circumstance. What more admirable position could a man of Lord Charles Beresford's eminence adopt than in the phrase, "The Navy's power should be made so obvious, and our defence so perfect, that criticism would cease and naval affairs be left to those in control of our Navy administration." If only that could be so! In these columns we have before insisted that matters relating to National Defence ought not to be dealt with on party lines. We have hinted that the Conference, which has been much derided, offers a possible basis for the satisfactory treatment of subjects which ought not to be the shuttlecocks of party. We hold to that opinion. In his open letters to the Prime Minister, which will be fresh in the minds of our readers, Lord Charles Beresford stated in detail the shortcomings which his great experience enabled him to perceive were actual dangers at the present time. The Prime Minister in guarded terms noted the Admiral's representations, and, being a patriotic man, we feel sure he will give every weight to them. As Lord Charles said, "The time for squabbling, for platitudes, for silly speeches, is past." Our position has materially altered, since a neighbour—not necessarily with any evil designs against us—has brought a vastly powerful fleet into being. We require to be in the position of the strong man armed. The little-Navyite was formerly a sort of harmless hobbyist, who generally obtained a baronetcy, but in the face of the impossibility of relying any longer on the "silver-streak" theory, we think a person who now advances such views merits a different kind of recognition, less flattering but more effectual.

The spirit of unrest throughout Europe deserves the careful study of every student of political history. From whatever standpoint it is regarded, the gravity of the

crisis must be apparent to all lovers of law and civil peace, whether monarchists, democrats, republicans, or socialists. There is a general spirit of revolt against all constituted authority throughout Europe. The agitation is not directed against absolute governments alone; the movement is found just as strong in constitutional communities and republics. With the revolution in Portugal and the effect it is likely to have on Spain we have dealt elsewhere. Now the trouble has spread to France, where a great strike has broken out on the Chemin de Fer du Nord, completely paralysing the service and rendering communication between this country and Paris impossible except by motor-car. The movement also threatens to spread to other lines.

M. Briand, the French Premier, has had the courage to declare that the strike is revolutionary and political, and not industrial, and hints that it follows as a natural corollary to recent events in Portugal. It is true that the strikers have grievances—the merits of which we are not prepared to go into here—but the various matters under dispute were already the subject of negotiation between the employers and the men, when, without a word of warning, the latter ceased work. So far the strike has been of a pacific character, but we read of two engines having been overturned to block the line, and of several other acts of a purely revolutionary character, such as the cutting of telegraph and telephone wires. M. Briand and his colleagues are taking drastic steps to check the outbreak. Troops have been sent to guard the line, the corps of engineers and naval stokers are to work the trains, and all the reservists among the strikers are to be called to the colours for twenty days. There is a delightful irony about this last measure, because the same men will be obliged under the penalties of military discipline to perform the work without pay, which they refused to do in their civilian capacity unless their terms were agreed to. The strikers declare that they will not answer the call to colours, and if they persist the situation will be serious, and we shall be able to see the amount of authority the Republic has behind it.

This strike in France, our own industrial troubles in Lancashire, and the regular outbreak in Berlin, are not mere coincidences. They all point to a new and hitherto unsuspected danger from organised labour. If the men refuse to obey their delegates and simply utilise their organisation for the purpose of revolt the sooner the most drastic steps are taken by legislation to regulate trade unionism the better it will be for all parties. But what will be the outcome of this general spirit of unrest? The favourite remedy of rulers in the past when their subjects got out of hand was to turn their attention to foreign enterprises, preferring a war with a neighbour as the lesser of the two evils. These outbreaks are therefore a menace to the peace of Europe, and the question seriously arises, can that peace long be maintained? The storm clouds are gathering; when will they break?

A brief announcement informs us that that the Conference has held its thirteenth session in Mr. Lloyd George's room at the Treasury. Thirteen is a notoriously unlucky number, and we trust that the future deliberations of the historic eight will not suffer in consequence. But we never expected that the Conference would find a practical solution to the Veto controversy, and we still maintain, as we have done from the first, that its labours will be barren. Our view is confirmed by a remarkable letter which has been addressed by the chief Government Whip, the Master of Elibank, to the Liberal candidate for

Peebles and Selkirk, in which he accuses the Conservative party of having broken the armed truce, which has tacitly existed since the death of the King, by the commencement of their autumn campaign. He concludes his letter as follows:

I can, however, no longer ask our members and candidates to endure these onslaughts, and it therefore becomes necessary for us to drive the enemy back.

Now surely these words, coming from a man in such a responsible position, can only mean one thing, namely, that, from his inside knowledge, the Chief Whip is certain the Conference will break up without arriving at any satisfactory compromise. If this is in fact true the autumn session is likely to be a short one, and we may very likely find ourselves in the middle of a General Election next January unless indeed the attractions of the Coronation prove to be too strong for the present ministry of Democrats and Socialists. Meanwhile Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has issued an ultimatum to the Cabinet to the effect that the situation which has arisen from the Osborne judgment must be dealt with immediately Parliament reassembles, otherwise Mr. Asquith can no longer rely on the support of his colleagues. The Labour leaders are becoming anxious. With the prospect of a General Election in January funds must be found somehow.

All lovers of music are under a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Thomas Beecham for his enterprise in providing them with an autumn season of grand opera. Apparently there is no limit to the enterprise and energy of Mr. Beecham. The programme he provides is varied enough to satisfy the most fastidious. In one week he has given us "Hamlet," "Tiefland," "Electra," "Tannhäuser," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Le Chemineau." But not satisfied with a performance every evening, he has inaugurated a series of Sunday evening concerts. Last Sunday his untiring orchestra, conducted by Mr. Beecham in person, gave delightful selections, which were greatly appreciated by a fairly large audience. The cheaper seats were filled to overflowing, and the more expensive portions of the house were well patronised. The success of these Sunday evening concerts is assured, and we venture to prophesy that as the fashionable world gradually drifts back to town the house will be packed. What London wants now is a new and representative opera house. The building at Covent Garden has its good points, but it is hardly a fitting home for music in the metropolis of the world. The surroundings are somewhat sordid; it is too far East, and difficult of access. Mr. Beecham can still further earn the gratitude of music-lovers by erecting and fitting a Grand Opera House which would be worthy of the capital of the British Empire.

The enterprising Mr. Wellman two years ago organised an airship expedition to the Pole, the main feature of which was a hollow steel guide rope stuffed with supplies of tinned food. Unfortunately the airship broke down and the expedition never started. Meanwhile, Commodore Peary most unkindly discovered the Pole and robbed Mr. Wellman's expedition of all interest. But not to be outdone, the latter has now constructed another enormous vessel, "The America," and announces his intention of crossing the Atlantic in it at the first favourable opportunity. This airship is the largest ever built, and contains a life-boat in which the crew of four may find shelter should they fall into the sea. We wish Mr. Wellman every success in his dangerous enterprise, but cannot help feeling the whole thing is a gigantic advertisement rather than a genuine attempt to cross the Atlantic, and the same suspicion attached to his mysterious efforts to reach the Pole. But whether he starts or not, we are quite confident the Atlantic will hold its own, and will remain unconquered by airships or aeroplanes for many years to come.

AFTER SEEING SARAH BERNHARDT IN "L'AIGLON"

I see her now, not as she voiced
The wav'ring hopes, the craven fears,
Of the great conqueror's ill-starred son;
But as she stood before the lights,
In answer to the people's call,
Her part all played, but thrilling still,
To passions made her own: enrapt,
Magnetic, and her glorious eyes
Still luminous with unsheathed tears,
Her form a-droop beneath the weight
Of anguish not too lightly loosed.
Alas! Great Queen of Tragedy!
The Fire Divine called Genius, burns
Who has it, while it lights the world!

J. A.

AN AUDACIOUS FALSE PRETENCE

THIS journal, under its new direction, has from the first adopted an uncompromising attitude in respect of the Government's monstrous experiment in land taxation. We have demanded the repeal of these most obnoxious taxes, and we shall continue to do so in the interest of all classes, and in the interest of sound financial policy as laid down by Mill and other Liberal masters of the true principles of taxation.

This Government came into power under many false pretences, but one of the most audacious was the declared policy of "Back to the Land." Any reasonable persons who declared such a policy would have been convinced that it became them to lighten burdens on land, to do all that in them lay to encourage development, to assure security, to give an impetus to enterprise. Here, indeed, would have been opened up a vista of again rooting a healthy population—an invaluable national asset—on the soil. Encouragement and a sense of security to the capitalist; constant and well-paid employment for the miner, the builder's and the agricultural labourer. An union of classes for mutual benefit, instead of an internecine feud leading to destruction. What do we now see? The capitalist sending his capital out of the country to develop countries other than his own, because no honesty is to be found at home; the worker, pauperised by criminal Socialist folly, turning to methods which only spell his own damnation. Scientific government truly!

It is entirely satisfactory to observe that the Land Union is adopting no halting attitude in dealing with the bundle of absurdities and worse, which has been christened by its putative father "The People's Budget." A more ill-begotten, rickety offspring it would be impossible to imagine. The impression which occurs to the mind is that certain Treasury officials in their spare hours have been drafting fanciful schemes, which have reposed peacefully in pigeon-holes until an inquisitive auctioneer's clerk has discovered them, and has induced a wholly incompetent Chancellor to adopt them, with the clerk's worsenments added thereto.

Now, let us take a little closer general view of this enactment, which the country condemned at the last General Election, and which was only carried through the House of Commons by means of a bargain which we do not stop to characterise. We only wish that the House of Lords had refused to recognise that bargain, and had again thrown out the Bill in accordance with the verdict of the constituencies.

The Finance Act will, it is estimated, affect injuriously the interests of 2,000,000 people directly. It is needless, of course, to point out that if two million interests are directly injured, many times that amount will suffer indirectly. The first step has been to appoint an army of so-called valuers. These gentlemen are estimable, no doubt, but they possess no apparent, or, certainly no ascertained, qualifications for the positions to which they have been appointed. The embryo Socialist cares nothing for qualifications, he only wants a man—preferably himself—who is too ignorant to do anything but push to breaking point disastrous theories. He might be pictured as the owner of an extraordinarily discordant gramophone, which is continually screeching "State ownership." State ownership, full employment, and prosperity cannot go hand in hand. What State ownership can do, is to create a bureaucracy supporting a large army of comfortably paid, more or less leisured, and incompetent officials, dressed in "a little brief authority," whose office it would be to "strut to our confusion."

Any person who has the capability of prevision is able to realise that State ownership is the end of enterprise. For the most part enterprise is a synonym for speculation. Speculation is often successful, but more frequently fails. Individuals prosper, and individuals go under. If an individual goes under it is lamentable; if a State goes under it is equivalent to national ruin. Which of the two is the more likely to speculate disastrously, the individual who has a keen sense of personal interest and personal necessity to ensure caution, or the State which is run by an army of mercenaries? The question only needs to be stated to answer itself.

Since nationalisation of the land lies behind the land taxes, it is desirable to inquire in what respect the State is able to act as a better landlord than the individual. The State has neither "a soul to save nor a body to kick." It is necessarily the Shylock amongst landlords. If any of the orators on Clapham Common or in Battersea Park had ever been in treaty for a lease of Crown lands, they would not be quite so ignorant as they are of the drawbacks attending the State as owner.

A vice, beyond the fact that the Land Taxes are unscientific, uncertain, and arbitrary, and therefore violate all the accepted canons of taxation, is that they aim a great—it may prove a disastrous—blow at securities in which rich and poor are alike interested. Mutual benefit societies, in the stability of which the poor, or comparatively poor, are largely interested, have invested their funds to an enormous amount in land, which hitherto has been viewed as an absolutely safe investment. Place undue burdens, interfere with the free transfer of land, remove the demand for land, and as a consequence the security descends in value, perhaps ruinously.

As is usual with Communistic legislation, the enactments of the Finance Act are wholly one-sided and inequitable. Wherever there is a profit—or an unskilled valuer certifies there is a profit—the State is at hand to take a large share of it. What happens, however, in the case of decrement? There is no set-off. The owner who,

owing to success in one direction, is willing to continue to employ labour in another at a loss, is to be penalised for his success, but to receive no compensation for his failure.

It is impossible in the short space of an article to indicate the crass folly and inequity of the Land Taxes. We are glad to know that the Land Union is willing to undertake that task, and we have evidence that the Association is extremely well-equipped to discharge the function.

PORTUGAL IN REVOLUTION

THE revolution in Portugal is a *fait accompli*, and surely no organic change in the constitution of a country which has had the same system of government and the same reigning family for nearly eight hundred years was ever brought about so skilfully, with so little bloodshed, and in so short a space of time. The signal shots were fired at midnight on Monday, October 3, and, as we go to press, all that the Republic apparently requires to confirm its stability is the recognition of the Powers. This will follow as a matter of course after certain assurances have been given and existing treaties renewed. Europe is obliged to wait a few weeks in order to see if the spark of loyalty towards the ex-monarch is likely to flare into a blaze in any part of Portugal. At present this contingency seems remote, and everywhere the Republic has been joyfully accepted as the precursor of a happier and more enlightened epoch. The serious trials of Senhor Braga and his colleagues will come later when they inaugurate their active programme of reform and attempt to clear the Augean stables of ignorance and corruption. Then the discontented will have an active propaganda to criticise, and many will regret the old régime and perhaps sigh for the return of a monarch, who, however well intentioned, was too weak to check the maladministration of his home and over-seas dominions. We are afraid that Portugal is likely to remain in a very disturbed state for several years to come, and uprisings in favour of the exile are almost certain to break out from time to time with much accompanying bloodshed. Meanwhile the Republic is behaving with commendable moderation—a fact eminently desirable, but one which seems to show, if we draw a precedent from history, that its leaders are none too sure of their ground. To judge from their attitude and utterances, the conspirators are somewhat astonished at their success. Supporters of the monarchy are being freely pardoned, and their property respected; the officers of the army and navy who fought on the King's side have been allowed to keep their commissions by merely swearing allegiance to the Republic, and even the faithful Municipal Guards have been retained, and are patrolling the streets and preserving order for their new masters. The inevitable decree of exile has been pronounced against King Manoel and the Royal family, none of whom will be permitted to reside in the country. Again England is likely to become the home of the rejected ruler of another discontented people, and, as a natural corollary, the thought arises where would our own Royal family seek refuge in the unlikely event of the cycle of time and changing political opinions bringing a Republic to our shores. Would one of the nations to whose rejected rulers we have so often given hospitality in the past provide them with a safe asylum?

The first decisive act of the Provisional Government has been the dissolution of the religious houses and the

expulsion of all the monks and nuns from Portugal. This is a necessary step if the Republic is to be established on a firm basis. Monasteries and convents in Catholic countries are the hotbeds of intrigue and disaffection. It is they who are always the last to stand by a monarch, knowing well the short shrift that they would be likely to receive under a republic, for as long as they are allowed to remain there is always likely to be a strong undercurrent of persuasive influence to check the flow of republican ideals and ideas. Senhor Braga and his colleagues have a difficult course to steer, and must proceed warily if they are to escape running the ship of state on to one of the innumerable rocks which have wrecked so many ministries during the last ten years, and which have caused the assassination of one monarch and the exile of another. The functions and scope of the new Constitution have yet to be settled: for instance, how long is the President to hold office? finances must be re-organised, and a foreign loan may be necessary, the floating of which will be a difficult task in the present state of European finance; the re-organisation of the army and navy are an integral part of the programme; national education must be dealt with; reform in the administration of Portugal's colonies is an all-important matter; the disposal of the property of the exiled religious houses will cause a bitter controversy, if a precedent can be drawn from France; and, above all, the sweeping away of the hordes of corrupt officials, who for years have fattened on the proceeds of their State robberies, will meet with the most strenuous opposition. Clear brains, inflexible firmness of will, loyal support from all classes, and process of time may bring about the settlement of these vexed questions, but it cannot be maintained that the elements necessary to success are very visible. The popularity of all administrations begins to wane from the time of their birth once the glamour of the change is worn off, and acts can be seen, judged, and compared with promises. Success must ultimately depend on the good sense of the Portuguese people and on the depth of their sincerity towards the Republic.

We notice with regret a most mischievous suggestion in the usually sober but insipid *Spectator* to the effect that Sir Edward Grey ought to refuse to recognise the Republic until he has obtained definite assurances from its rulers of the reform in the administration of Portugal's overseas dominions of Angola, Benguela, and Mozambique, and of the abolition of slavery in the form of indentured labour in those provinces. Much as we regret the existence of these evils, we can imagine no step which would be more injudicious. Why should we go out of our way to embarrass the new administration when its internal troubles are more than sufficient to occupy every hour of its time and attention. Such an action would place England in the position of a mentor and guarantor of the morals of the Republic, a post that we have no right to allocate to ourselves. The evil administration of Portugal's colonies cannot be condoned, and we loathe the system of modern slavery under the form of indentured labour, but it would be absurd to demand guarantees from a Government which has come into power solely for the purpose of sweeping away corruption at home and therefore equally determined to cleanse the Empire abroad. The Republic must be given a free hand and a fair trial before the good faith of its acts can be questioned. We have no objection to Sir Edward Grey pointing out the desirability of reform, and showing how much it would do towards strengthening the bonds of the traditional friendship between Great Britain and Portugal, but he must limit his intentions

to advice; there must be no suspicion of compulsion. Putting other considerations aside, guarantees made under such circumstances would be of no value. The uprooting of the evils of many generations takes years to accomplish, and many administrations will come and go before the Augean stables are cleansed.

The main centre of unrest has now shifted to Spain. King Alfonso and his Cabinet have cause for intense anxiety. The Spanish Government has declined the offer of King Manoel to come and reside in their midst. The decision is not only wise from the point of view of self-preservation, but also as an act of courtesy towards the Republic which could hardly regard with equanimity the presence of the exile hovering round its ill-guarded frontiers ready to step over the border the moment a favourable opportunity presented itself. The anniversary of Señor Ferrer's execution is King Alfonso's Ides of March. That sinister day has passed in tranquillity, but there is an Ides of March each succeeding year, and every anniversary will bring nearer the eventual day of retribution. That fatal execution is likely to play a far more important rôle in Spain's history than Alfonso and his foolish advisers foresaw at the time. Thousands of red-hot Republicans swore by Ferrer's blood that they would be revenged, and we hope that the young King's life will be saved, even if his throne be doomed. The Spanish monarchy rests on the loyalty of the army, and this is no sure foundation. Those of us who were intimately acquainted with the spirit of the army which fought at Melilla last summer know how feeble are the bonds which bind it to the throne. The officers are for the most part loyal, but they cannot rely upon the support of their men. Conscription has done away with the value of armies as permanent props to unpopular governments. How often is the mistake made of confusing the loyalty of the officers with that of the men. Portugal has provided us with a case in point. Officers are naturally supporters of a monarchy, because their posts are permanent, and they are, as it were, shareholders in the government. In the old days of small standing armies, the men were in a similar position, because they remained in the ranks for many years and gradually developed into pampered Praetorians, favourites of the throne, who looked on all reforms with suspicion through fear that under a new régime their favoured positions might be taken from them. But in modern armies the men remain in the ranks for one year—as in Spain—or two at the most. Their service is not given voluntarily, and is generally begrudged. They regard it not as a patriotic duty, but as an unpleasant ordeal in which they take but scant interest. They enter the ranks holding the most divergent political opinions, and Socialism spreads with alarming rapidity when brought into touch with minds fertilised by discontent and a feeling of oppression. Thus the rank and file are generally far more in sympathy with popular movements than with their nominal master, the reigning monarch. They have nothing to lose and everything to gain by a change.

We fear that not only the army but the mass of the Spanish people are ripe for revolt, and it only requires skilful leadership to bring about a successful revolution. The astonishing facility with which ancient dynasties have been swept away in Turkey and in Portugal must act as a tremendous incentive to the Republicans in Spain. The success or failure of these revolutions turns on mere trifles. Had King Manoel chosen to fight; had he placed himself at the head of his still loyal Municipal Guards and relied on certain regiments, the revolt would probably have been checked in its infancy. Whatever happens in Spain, King Alfonso will die game. He will not surrender his throne without a struggle. His hour may not come to-day or to-morrow; but he is doomed. We fear that even the most drastic concession to the god of liberty will now be too late to stem the flowing tide of public opinion in Spain.

SHAKESPEARE'S PERSONALITY

Ever since Englishmen first realised that in the plays of Shakespeare they possessed an heirloom of which any civilised country would indeed be proud, they have felt a natural curiosity concerning the character of the man who had charged them with this noble inheritance. Unfortunately, though our contemporary account of Shakespeare is quite as full as that of several of his fellow-dramatists, it is not nearly full enough to satisfy any true admirer of the greatest lyric poet the world has known. Hence most Shakespearean critics have endeavoured to add to our knowledge of the dramatist, either with Coleridge and Goethe, by means of argument based on the plays, or by seeking to ascertain new facts concerning Shakespeare's life from an examination of contemporary manuscripts and the like. Taking into consideration the fact that the latter method has always been the more popular, and that a large number of persons have devoted energetic lives to its exploitation, the results that have been achieved by it are strangely negative, and it is doubtless to the relative failure of such research that we are indebted for the imaginative flights of the Baconians, who waste so much good ink and paper on so poor a cause.

Yet while so many clever persons were seeking industriously for Shakespeare's washing-bills and other documents equally calculated to throw light on the dramatist's life, it was surely obvious that all the information we wanted lay concealed in the plays, if only we could extract it. Coleridge, who, like most poets, had brilliant flashes of critical insight, without being a reliable or even a consistent critic, said some very wise things and some very foolish ones about the dramatist, according as his own genius was in sympathy with or opposed to that of Shakespeare; and subsequent critics were for the most part content to follow him, alike in his wisdom and his folly.

About twelve years ago, Mr. Frank Harris published a number of essays in the *Saturday Review*, of which he was then editor, that caused a profound sensation among those whose minds were still receptive on the subject of Shakespeare, who has surely suffered more than any man of genius by the comments and emendations of unimaginative critics. Mr. Harris's essays were amazingly imaginative; yet, at the same time, he supported his theories with such an intimate and sympathetic understanding of the plays, and with such subtlety and coherence of argument, that even those who had pinned their faith to the washing-bill method of research were shaken by his forceful criticism. The essays were all too few in number, and it was apparent then that Mr. Harris had been content to indicate the possibilities of a method of criticism that we feel justified in calling essentially his own.

Since then, in the fulness of time, the blossom ripened into the fruit, and the handful of by no means inconsiderable essays grew into a work that it would be ludicrous weakness of praise to call considerable. If we were disposed to question the soundness of the theories on which Mr. Harris has based his book, we should have to commend the ingenuity of his illustrations, his passionate appreciation of the poetry of the plays, and, even considered as an imaginary portrait, the persuasive and lovable figure of a man that he has drawn with such sympathetic care. Apart from the author's conception of Shakespeare's personality, the work contains a great deal of extremely original and suggestive criticism of the plays, and it is clear that Mr. Harris is one of those rare and fortunate persons who can read Shakespeare's plays with a mind untroubled by the outrageous subtleties of generations of critics and would-be emendators.

Mr. Harris derives his portrait from the plays by the light of two theories of art that appear to us to be true.

First, that when an artist "goes deepest into human nature, we may be sure that self-knowledge is his guide"; and, secondly, that when Shakespeare slips in drawing character he does so through dragging in his own personality or his personal experience, and that "his mistakes, therefore, nearly always throw light on his nature or on his life's story." Granting that these theories are sound, we do not think that anyone would be prepared to deny the intrinsic truth of Mr. Harris's portrait of Shakespeare, for there can be no question as to the skill with which he applies them.

But the relationship between the man and the artist will always be a ground for debate, if only that it is a favourite vanity of our great men to conceal the human ancestry of their work, lest doubts should thereby be thrown on its divinity. Poets, especially, are subject to this arrogant modesty, that will depreciate the responsibility of the individual for his work, in order to heighten the suggestion of inspiration. But we know that the desire for expression, rather than the wish to create, is the motive power of all great artists, and that the work of art, wrought with a cold perfection from without, is only a critic's dream. Art is an individual expression of life, and is naturally subject to the limitations of the individual. Hence the work of every artist is his own autobiography if only we can read it aright. When a great artist fails or blunders in the execution of his own design, we must look for some temperamental weakness to explain his failure; and while, as we have said, it is the desire for expression that produces art, it is surely the passion, the uncontrollable lust for expression, that makes works of art imperfect. The artist, haunted night and day by the eloquence of his own ingenious individuality, cannot stay to transmute his emotions into terms of the work at hand; he must be explaining, defending, confessing, confessing always. When he would paint for us the unchequered sunlight of life as he conceives it, the shadow of his own personality falls across the picture, and renders the execution of his design imperfect; but it is from such shadows that we can learn what manner of man he really is.

We can only touch briefly in the space at our disposal on the detailed arguments by means of which Mr. Harris builds up the dramatist's portrait. Taking Hamlet as the most complex of Shakespeare's creations, he proves that in defiance of all artistic probability, Shakespeare must always be dropping into the Hamlet vein in drawing the most various and superficially distinct characters. The murderous thane Macbeth, the lover Romeo, the philosopher Jaques, the warrior Posthumus, and Duke Orsino, all supply Mr. Harris with striking examples of Shakespeare's constant recurrence to the Hamlet type, even where we least expect it. To the typical qualities of the poet-philosopher Hamlet he adds the humour that makes Bottom and Falstaff and Dogberry so dear to us, and more especially the sensuality that we detect in so many of his plays.

With regard to the Sonnets, he accepts with Mr. Tyler the identity of William Herbert with the youth to whom the bulk of the Sonnets is addressed, and of Mary Fitton with the dark lady, though, as Mr. Andrew Lang failed to notice, this identification is convenient rather than necessary to the book as a whole. Mr. Harris traces the rather ludicrous story of the Sonnets in no less than three of the plays, which is surely a classic example of the fact that no sense of humour, however subtle, can be trusted to conquer the misfortunes of its owner. Shakespeare seems to have been betrayed by the ambassador whom he had sent to plead his cause with the lady of his heart, and, instead of laughing at his own inexperience, he turned again and yet again to recount the details of his sorry misadventure in the courts of love.

The image of the dark lady, who probably was Mary Fitton, in spite of the reputed redness of her hair, which may only have been a temporary compliment to Queen Elizabeth, recurs in many of the plays, and is drawn with notable care as Rosaline in "Love's Labour Lost,"

and as Cleopatra. Mr. Harris would have us believe that Shakespeare's passion for her lasted some twelve years, and, indeed, some explanation of the kind is necessary to account for the extraordinary duration of Shakespeare's powers as a lyric poet of the first order, to which there is no parallel in literary history.

Mr. Harris's work is extraordinarily interesting, and we regret that we cannot quote his arguments play by play to show how closely knit is the foundation on which he has built. How real Shakespeare has become for Mr. Harris may be judged from the following vivid passage:

I picture him to myself very like Swinburne—of middle height or below it, inclined to be stout; the face well-featured, with forehead domed to reverence and quick, pointed chin; a face lighted with hazel clear vivid eyes and charming with sensuous-full mobile lips that curve easily, to kisses or gay ironic laughter; an exceedingly sensitive, eager speaking face that mirrors every fleeting change of emotion. . . .

I can see him talking, talking with extreme fluency in a high tenor voice, the reddish hair flung back from the high forehead, the eyes now dancing, now aflame, every feature quick with the "beating mind."

And such talk—the groundwork of it, so to speak, very intimate-careless; but gemmed with thoughts, diamonded with wit, rhythmic with feeling.

Here, at least, is no academic conception of our great dramatist, but a portrait that we may all be glad to have by our side in reading the plays; and no less a judgment may be passed on the book as a whole. Alone of all those who have attempted the task, Mr. Harris has given us a Shakespeare that is not unworthy of the plays that bear his name.

REVIEWS

REMINISCENCES

Under Five Reigns. By LADY DOROTHY NEVILL. (Methuen and Co. 15s. net.)

THE casual sight of a play-bill tempted Charles Lamb "to call to mind a few of the players," and to muse upon the difference between the actors of his own day and those who had graced the days long past. "There is something very touching in these old remembrances," said he; and we find the same appeal in these reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Nevill. Just as Elia's memory was prompted by the torn play-bill, so the sight of a faded letter, a favour worn at some ceremony of forty or fifty years ago, a valentine of the early eighties, sets the lively thoughts of the author of this engrossing volume roaming into any number of pleasant by-ways. Not only that, but she knows well how to put the olden times before her readers—and they must be a very large company—in the most interesting manner. She wisely writes no coherent, consecutive narrative, but jots things down almost at haphazard, allowing one event to remind her of another, and that to suggest a third—a method which, if it sacrifices form, satisfies the attentive mind and avoids the slightest suspicion of dryness.

Not many people can have been so favourably situated as was Lady Dorothy Nevill, throughout her life, for the gathering of tit-bits of information, gossip, and good stories about men and women who have figured as forces in the various realms of art, letters, and politics. From girlhood her lot was cast among persons whose names are familiar to the student and to the historian. Her love for horticulture brought her the friendship of Charles Darwin and of Sir William Hooker, both of whom wrote to her charming little letters. General Boulanger, whom she thought "common-looking and rather vulgar," she met at a dinner in London, and there is something subtly amusing, and perhaps a little acid, about this comment

on the man who made such a stir in 1889: "I believe his mother had been a Welshwoman, which perhaps accounted for his having been able to set all France by the ears." Lord Beaconsfield, in 1858, sent to Lady Dorothy a most characteristic note, from which we may take one paragraph:

The strawberries were as fresh, and as delicious, as yourself, and came to me at a welcome moment, when I was spiritless and feverish. Their arrival was a reviving touch of Nature in one of her most popular and agreeable forms. Accept, dearest Dorothy, a thousand thanks from me, for all your unceasing recollections of your friend, whose affection for you requires no proof.

Mr. Chamberlain's letters do not show such courtly diction, but are full of humour and the warmest friendship, and at this part of the volume we are compelled to notice with pleasure a very fine photograph of the great political leader with his grandson—the most charming illustration of any it contains.

Politics and science, however, only claimed a portion of Lady Dorothy's friends. Tennyson and Thackeray she knew slightly, but Matthew Arnold was a constant guest at her Sunday luncheons. The one delightful letter from him with which we are favoured has a very sombre tone:

MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—Wednesday is my day down here next week; and even to lunch with you I must not desert the first swallows and the first nightingale.

How sad that the rulers of the religious world should not better distinguish between their friends and their enemies!

I am going once more to America for a few months, to see where my daughter has established herself in New York; then I hope to creep back into my cottage here to pass the remainder of my days.—Most truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From Lord Lytton, then engaged in collecting and arranging the material for a biography of his father, a very breezy letter is reproduced; a few humorous sentences exhibit his style:

For the last fortnight I have been living amongst ghosts in the land of the dead; and your delightful letter is like a fresh breeze from the land of the living—the earthly living. For though you are angelic, your news is decidedly terrestrial. In Heaven, I believe, there is no marrying or giving in marriage; and perhaps that will be one of the heavenliest things about Heaven. Obviously, however, the vast majority of the Heavenly Host must have been married here below, where matrimony has perhaps been divinely instituted as a sort of Competitive Examination for admission to that Noble Army of Martyrs, who doubtless constitute the crack Corps of the Celestial Empire—with brevet rank, and the advantageous position of Widows and Widowers ready-made.

It would be unfair to do more than make brief allusion to the many good stories and anecdotes scattered throughout the book. Not one of them, as far as we can see, is spoiled by age or worn shabby. That of the irritated author, who exclaimed, on hearing a saw making some repairs behind the scenes, that the third act of his play was evidently being "cut out altogether," is excellent; so is the tale of the unsophisticated old couple who discovered that the mystic initials R.S.V.P. at the bottom of a card of invitation meant "Remember six, very punctual!" Speaking of the legal world in the time of Sir Henry Hawkins (Lord Brampton), Lady Dorothy says:

There was a good deal of rough repartee amongst counsel. "Now, sir, I give you fair warning," said one of these to another. "that after the way you have treated my witenesses, I intend to handle yours without gloves." "That's more than anyone would care to do with yours, my friend," was the retort.

The principal interest of the book, we think, lies outside this merely entertaining aspect of it, and has to do with Lady Dorothy's own shrewd comments and comparisons. She has the adroit accomplishment—too seldom found in

this class of work—of seizing the salient points of her theme, of drawing inferences, and presenting the past in a parallel line with the present, which renders any survey of a bygone age more than ordinarily valuable. Her observations are never platitudes; they are nearly always original, and often carried home by a shaft of wit. "The real art of conversation," she remarks, discussing the social world of the Victorians, "is not only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment." "The older generation rarely spoke of two things—their financial affairs and their digestions. Both are now favourite topics." The gently sarcastic dissertation on the modern "smart set," in Chapter V., seems to us one of the best analyses of that somewhat vaguely defined company of moneyed mediocrities that we have yet read. The adjective "smart" has changed its significance in proportion as the barriers against entrance into society have become lower and less rigid; its use, to the great ladies of the older days, would have suggested the idea of "some kitchen-maid dressed up in her Sunday best"; applied to a lady or a gentleman it would have been impossible. Lady Dorothy, however, is not severe; she admits that "on the whole, these people do little harm," being rather silly than vicious. She proceeds to make genial excuses for their existence:

This curious clique may be defined as consisting mainly of little people—that is to say, little in intelligence—though some of its members (most of these men) have shown great shrewdness in accumulating money. It is not surprising that an individual whose early existence has been a strenuous struggle to pile up wealth should wish to soar out of the somewhat dull atmosphere of commercial life into what to him seems the most exclusive of circles, and bask in the smiles of those who, to his dazzled gaze, represent the highest in the land. . . . One of the most pleasant things about the "smart set" is its complacency—many of its members are as happy as the day is long, serenely confident that they, and they alone, represent the elect of the human race destined by some turn of fate which they have no desire to understand to lead a life of lotus-eating and amusement. . . . London society (an expression which means nothing now) demands very different credentials of new-comers from those formerly asked. As a matter of fact, anyone prepared to entertain lavishly can soon become one of its leaders, provided it is managed in the proper way.

This last statement sounds rather a hard saying, but contains a great deal of truth, and goes to show how impartial is the author in her arraignments. In another sphere she laments the decline of the polished periods that fell from the lips of John Bright and his contemporary orators. "There is no one like him to-day; and of most political speeches it may be said that one hears the humming of the wheel whilst never able to perceive any thread"—which hits off the average modern political outpouring in a happy metaphor. "The older school," she observes, "were generally cautious as regards any new departure in politics, and their utterances were inspired by considerations of the grave responsibility which attaches to public speech. The modern politician, on the other hand, seldom hesitates to voice, no matter how startling, any opinion which for the moment it may suit him to possess."

Not a breath of unworthy scandal, it is a pleasure to note, sullies the pages of Lady Dorothy's latest book; she proves irrefutably that a collection of personal experiences and chat about famous friends can be exceedingly entertaining and valuable without a spark of animosity or invidious accusation. We have but faintly indicated the scope and the style of the volume; of the letters from "Ouida," the reminiscences of celebrated actors and artists—Whistler, for example, she saw frequently—we have no space to tell; the fascinating descriptions of travel in the days when railways were looked upon with suspicion, and "steam-boats" were considered dangerous, we must also leave with the mere mention of them. Lady Dorothy Nevill's skill as a *raconteuse* is sufficiently well known to render praise unnecessary; it only remains to

say that her pages present a picture of the Victorian era and of shorter periods just before and immediately after the good Queen's reign, which is in the best sense of the word living. Her critical instinct has saved her from trivialities; her unerring good taste has informed every paragraph, and her readers will owe her an unusually heavy debt of thanks for so gaily and keenly recounting these engaging stories of five different reigns.

ENFANT PERDU

Heinrich Heine's Memoirs from his Works, Letters and Conversations. Edited by GUSTAV KARPELES. English translation by GILBERT CANNAN. Two vols., with Portraits. (Wm. Heinemann. 12s. net.)

THE publication of "Heine's Memoirs" is a version pretending to something like completeness is a literary event of first-rate importance. The poet himself had projected a book of memoirs, and had, in fact, made a very good start towards compiling it, but, to quote his own words, "as it has been with all the great works of Germans, with Cologne Cathedral, Schelling's God, the Prussian Constitution, etc., so it was with 'Atta Troll'—it was never finished." Among the "etc.'s" we might incidentally include a good many of Heine's best-known productions, besides "Atta Troll" and the Memoirs. We are not sure whether the present work justifies its claims to be considered a definite edition of the Memoirs; for the English reader not having a previous knowledge of the vicissitudes of Heine's life, it certainly presents some obvious and grave lacunae. The idea of making the poet tell us his own life through "his works, letters, and conversations" certainly suggests an attempt at the right sort of biography, but such an attempt is likely to end in failure unless the chain of materials is supplemented by new links in its weak places. Especially is this the case with the letters, for they are necessarily but a selection, and the omissions too often contain the needed explanations; as to the conversations, they are hard to discover, though we find scraps reported here and there, generally in letters, and always by the poet himself. Dr. Karpeles' work—the materials of which would be more accurately described as selected letters and poems, extracts from prefaces to published writings, and the fragmentary Memoirs of Heine—would be greatly helped if he had added a few explanatory notes. Too much has to be imagined or taken on trust. For instance, we should have welcomed a short description of some of the poet's various residences, more particularly at Paris; his earliest home he describes sufficiently himself. The accounts of the "Political Annals" and its editorship, and of the Italian journey want some filling in. We are given no clue to the identity of the "Mouche," the bedside companion of the last scenes, who, as Camille Selden, has contributed in no small degree to the poet's biography. We are not told who Mathilde Heine was before her marriage. It is the same with the earlier love affairs. The story of Heine's ill-fated attachment for his cousin, his uncle Solomon's daughter, is left to be inferred, without any information as to the identity of the faithless one, from a cycle of songs selected from the "Lyrisches Intermezzo" and other sources. In this connection we will confess to a slight disappointment with the translation. Not the prose—that is for the most part excellent, though there are occasional words and phrases that might possibly be bettered—we are disposed, for instance, to quarrel with "dear treasure," which is presumably a translation of "lieber Schatz"—nor the later verse; but we cannot think that the versions of the lyrics taken from the "Lyrisches Intermezzo" are quite successful; they strike us as rather rugged, and, while a certain amount of roughness is not unsuitable in the translation of such poems as "Deutschland" and "Atta Troll," it fits badly with the exquisite delicacy of the songs of the best period. These are, indeed, among the most baffling poems, for purposes of translation, that the world has ever

seen. The German language is in part to blame; its substantial endings are peculiarly adapted to the mechanism of melody. There are some curious misprints in the book—e.g., Andenach, religion—but they may have crept in at any stage, even the earliest. What seems a very odd one is where "brave Barbarossa and his comrades hailed Paris" with "the hymn of the Marseillaise"; we presume that the name of the enthusiast was Barbaroux.

Heine is one of the most perplexing writers of modern times. He is well known to English readers, though he hated England; possibly better known to them than any other German poet. We may say very generally that he has had two sponsors to introduce him to Englishmen, and their view of him will largely depend on which of the two they have consented to accept. If they have taken Robert Schumann as their guide in this matter, they will think of Heine as one of the two faces of that wondrous coin of purest metal, the "Dichterliebe," "immortal verse wedded to immortal melody." If they follow Matthew Arnold, they will see a second Voltaire, the negation of all that is good and beautiful in life; they may even go further, and add the charge of vice to the charges of godlessness and want of patriotism. The truest interpreter of this wayward soul would perhaps be the author of "Sartor Resartus"; we do not know if Carlyle had Heine somewhat in his mind when he composed that "questionable little book," but we know that we are more than once irresistibly reminded of the poet, notably in that scene "Zur Grünen Gans," where Herr Teufelsdröckh "with low, soul-stirring tone, and the look truly of an angel, though whether of a white or a black one might be dubious, proposed this toast: 'Die Sache der Armen in Gottes und Teufels Namen (The Cause of the Poor, in Heaven's name and —'s)!'" Thus the truth lies between the partial view offered by the "Dichterliebe" and the reproving forefinger and the damning tolerance of Matthew Arnold.

The problem of Heine is a problem of dualism. A German and a Frenchman, a Jew and a Christian, a Protestant and a Catholic, a democrat and a hater of "the smell of the Demos," a poet and a prosaist, his condition is happily expressed in the "simple eloquence," which "went to the heart" of his captain's daughter, of the fore-mast hand in "H.M.S. Pinafore." "Driven hither by objective influences—thither by subjective emotions—wafted one moment into blazing day by mocking hope—plunged the next into the Cimmerian darkness of tangible despair, I am but a living ganglion of irreconcilable antagonisms." Heine has felt this internal conflict, and has expressed it himself many times; self analysis was an operation at which he displayed an uncomfortable skill. Take, for instance, his observations on a return to the University of Göttingen: "I shall live very unpleasantly at first, and then I shall become accustomed to my condition, and become reconciled *peu à peu* to the inevitable, and finally be quite fond of the place, and quite sorry to leave it." The dualism to which we have referred finds some recognition in Matthew Arnold, who appears, however, to us to be mistaken in attributing it to the change from youth to old age; these two periods of life present, in Heine's particular case, very little in the way of antithesis. He was a prematurely old young man, and in old age, apart from a certain growing shrillness, he preserved the intellectual (not, unhappily for him, the physical) characteristics of youth. He offered the almost unheard-of spectacle of a youthful hot-head of Radicalism re-affirming at the end of his life and on his death-bed his adhesion to that doctrine: "For my part I cannot preen myself on any separate advance in politics; I adhered to the same democratic principles to which I was devoted in my earliest youth, and for which I have glowed ever more ardently."

The dualism of Heine was partly due to his own love of contradiction and hatred of mediocrity—he gave "la haine des épiciers" as an article of faith to literature, and he endowed the English language with the word "Philistinism"—but must also be traced to his environ-

ment. His parents were Jews, linked by various ties with Christian dignitaries; his uncle was a successful, his father an unsuccessful, man of business; his schooling was acquired at a Catholic school, while his final studies were conducted at Lutheran Berlin; he became, in fact, an unsatisfactory convert to the State religion for reasons of advancement. His birth-place, Düsseldorf, was a type of the antitheses that were racing through his soul—alternately French and German, now ruled by a kindly Elector, now by a provisional French Government, now by Prussia, it saw the passage of the Great Emperor, before whom Heine bowed dazzled eyes, when the days were not yet when he should write

"Der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen."

The pageant of the empire had a direct practical effect on young Heine's career, by inspiring his mother with dreams of success for her son in various fields. She reminds us a little of Mrs. Micawber and her sanguine schemes. At first the exaltation of some Duchess of Danzig from among his friends led her to covet "the most golden of epaulettes or the most elaborately embroidered office at the Emperor's Court." Then she remarked, "How the lawyers . . . being accustomed to public speaking, play the lead with their chatter and rise to the highest offices of State." And later she had other ambitions.

The crisis of Heine's political convictions came in 1830, with the July Revolution. A combination of circumstances, danger of a Prussian prison following on some outspoken articles, a rush to the head of Republican feelings that had long been accumulating in his heart, and an unmeasured admiration for everything French, sent him to take up his quarters in Paris, and to bid what was to be, except for two short visits, a last farewell to his native land. From now to the release, which, after many years spent "half blind, palsied, in pain," he was to find in 1856, prose took the place of poetry; his two-edged sword struck at friends transformed into foes, and showered blows at aristocrats beyond the Rhine, doctrinaire Republicans in Paris, while disease, reinforced by family troubles, carried the war into his own country. His scepticism, the brightest weapon in his armoury, was not one round which to rally hosts of fighting men. Republicanism and a very vague belief in the sacredness of humanity were the only positive articles of his creed. His religious views, if they may be called so, were particularly elusive. He had acquired such a habit of using the word "priest" as a term of abuse that he found himself using it sometimes unintentionally. His attacks on Rome sound often perfunctory, and he confesses to great sympathy with the Catholic priests he had to deal with. Of Jewry he speaks with poetical patriotism. But religion was always a difficult subject with him, especially if we include philosophy, whether of Hegel or Kant, and the persecuting "High priests of Atheism." In his school-days he shed many tears over his inability to translate *der Glaube* into French otherwise than by *le crédit*. The master, "raging" at last, had to tell him that it was *la religion*.

His intense hatred of England is rather strange; his English letters present an extraordinary contrast with those of Voltaire. From the moment, soon after landing, when he discovers that "God d—n!" is the basis of the English language, he breathes nothing but loathing for "the stockish English," who "God forgive me, do offend me to my inmost soul."

Unsatisfactory as Heine was as a politician, witness his bitter duels with extreme Right and extreme Left, and his failure as a political editor. "I am the editor of the 'Political Annals,' and I am firmly convinced that when asses foregather and wish to insult each other, they say 'Man'!"—to quote his own sentiments about the matter. He occasionally had some very bright flashes of political insight; the impending difficulties of Anglo-German relations, the conflict between Communism and Nationalism, the problem of Alsace, the dizziness of anarchy, were among the new things revealed to him. It is significant

that some of his works were the first European literature translated into Japanese. The curl of the lip was native to him, but it was often the mask of mighty or terrible thoughts:

"In jenen Nächten hat Langweil' ergriffen
Mic. oft, auch Furcht—(nur Narren fürchten nichts)—
Sie zu verschrecken, hab' ich dann gepiffen
Die frechen Reime eines Spottgedichts."

"THE DEMON"

The Demon. By LERMONTOFF. Translated from the Russian by Ellen Richter. (David Nutt. 1s. net.)

It is a great pity that Miss Richter has not prefaced her little volume with a short biographical notice. The average person has but the vaguest idea as to who Michael Lermontoff was, and where he was born; that he was influenced by the works of Shakespeare, Scott, and Byron; that the style of his prose was far better than that of Herzen, who bitterly criticised him; and last, that he was one of the greatest poets whom Russia has ever produced, ranking beside the renowned Pushkin. The following verse, from F. P. Marchant's translation of "The Sail," should give the reader some notion of the poet's descriptive powers:—

When waves play round and wind is shrieking,
There bends and creaks the sturdy mast.
No happiness this sail is seeking,
From nought of happiness speeds fast.

This is life-like! One can almost hear the wind blowing through the sails, and see the foam lashing the bulwarks of the ship. Lermontoff's powers of description, as revealed in the above poem, attain a broader and more dignified standard in "The Demon." The whole theme is Miltonesque. It is great, sometimes magnificent, but never attains that sublime grandeur which characterises "Paradise Lost." The Demon, like the repentant fiend in that epic, is pitiable, and, like Satan, according to some interpretations of the Hebrew creation-myth, falls in love with a woman. His longing for the Grusian princess, however, is not that sensual passion with which some theologians, confusing spirit and matter, credit Satan. When Tamara's bridegroom is shot by bandits, the Demon attempts to comfort her, though not impartially:—

Weep not, child, weep not, in vain thy tear!
On the speechless, silent dead, thy tear,
As life-giving dew will not fall;
It will only bright eyes dim, and blear,
Hot blood to maidens' cheeks 'twill call!
He is far away, he will not know,
He cannot e'en value thy sighs;
The Heavenly light is caressing now
The Spiritual glance of his eyes;
The songs of Paradise now he hears
What of life? What the paltry dreams
Of a poor maiden, her sighs, and tears,
To one who dwells by Eden's streams?
No, the destiny of mortal man,
Terrestrial angel, believe me,
Is not worth one single moment's span
Of thy dear sorrow's agony!

Henceforth he seeks her, watching by her pillow with tender care, speaking to her in quiet moments:—

The Stranger, misty, and mute, gleams,
And with unearthly beauty beams,
He is gazing at her from above
Her pillow; with such infinite love,
With melancholy in his eyes;
He seems with her to sympathise.

She implores her father not to give her in marriage, a fact which dispels the hypothesis that the Demon is the personification of sexual passion—otherwise she would willingly have married, so as to cover up any possible intrigues with the Demon. She persuades her parents to put her in a convent, though even there she is allowed no

peace, for the Demon's beckoning hand is as alluring there as in her home. The deeper meaning of the story is made fairly clear in Part II., Canto XVI., when the angel says:

. . . She has at a cruel price
Redeemed her doubts

The Demon allegorises unbelief, the enemy of all dogmatic religions. The story, however, is so very human that one must regard the superficial narrative as an important part of the poem. Even within the sacred precincts of the convent the maiden cannot escape the Demon, and in the depths of her heart she loves him. At length, in majestic language, he tells her of his love, and asks her to pity his unfortunate position:—

Oh, if thou couldst but understand
What sad mournful languishings attend
The whole life, centuries without end,
To enjoy, and to suffer, and
To sow evil, and expect no praise,
Nor yet reward when one good essays;
To live for self, weary of life,
And this eternal, endless strife,
That nor victory, nor peace, can end.
Ever to grieve, nought to wish for,
To know all, feel all, see all, and still
To hate everything against one's will,
And all on earth despise, abhor
As soon as God's curse had been fulfilled,
Then for ever, from that same day,
Instincts, by genial nature instilled,
Cooled down in me and passed away. . . .

His love is noble, intense, elevating—she revives in him all those good qualities which the Divine curse had crushed into oblivion. He is a dignified, pathetic figure—more sinned against than sinning. Had he been less human, less real—an abstract personification of wickedness—one might have appreciated the moral pointed by the poet. The Demon is too much like ourselves—he suffers—and only serves to show the unrelenting cruelty of the God which certain forms of Christianity would have men accept. The Demon strives to better himself, abstains from tempting, softens towards mankind, and tramples on his pride. Tamara pities him, but from God there comes no pity, no mercy. At length the Demon enters the convent and takes her loving soul into eternity. God and the poet blame her for this. At the last moment, just when he thinks that he has acquired eternal happiness, his beloved treasure is wrenched from him, and he is again face to face with endless torment, without hope and without love. The poem does not point the moral which Lermontoff intended—at least, so far as it appeals to us. It teaches, what the present age is beginning to learn, that we need a greater God. That, year by year, the soul of Man requires loftier conceptions, as he himself becomes more godlike. Lermontoff draws a demon who is blamed simply because he is a demon—not for what he does. Certainly, as personifying Unbelief, supposing that interpretation to be correct, the persecution he suffers is more to be understood. Unbelief, which is a theological term for Rationalism, is the foulest fiend in the Christian hell. "Ye cannot be saved by your own righteousness," taken by its usual narrow interpretation, would quite justify the attitude which Lermontoff makes the Divinity assume. However, he was an Orthodox Christian, and it is perhaps unreasonable to investigate his religious views too closely. He was a poet, not a theologian, and one must accept his genius without quarrelling with the sphere to which it belonged. "The Demon" is full of splendid passages, which are only imperfectly expressed by the few extracts quoted. It is undoubtedly a classic, and worthy to rank among the great poems of the world, with Milton's "Ode to the Nativity," Browning's "Pauline," Gray's "Elegy," and other sublime works in the form of short poems. We advise all lovers of poetry to read "The Demon," and abandon themselves to its beauties, revel in its glorious imagery, hang over the appealing words of the Demon, and find comfort after the crisis in the restful

passages which conclude the poem. But it is necessary to remind the reader that the Christianity and temperament of Lermontoff do not of necessity represent the feelings and thoughts of All the Russias. Every great man has a marked individuality, and is different from his fellow-men; and even though he be an orthodox Christian, he pervades his religion with the character of his mind.

In her excellent translation of Lermontoff's beautiful poem, Miss Richter has managed to retain the Slavonic spirit in which it was originally composed, which is saying a great deal in her favour as a translator. We cannot say much, however, for the way this little book is produced, although we admit that elaborate production is expensive, and that a small edition cannot be issued in a manner that is likely to make the purchaser feel that he is getting full value for his money; yet, in spite of these disadvantages, a book may at least be printed and bound in an artistic manner.

A REAL MAN

Recollections of Forty Years. By L. FORBES WINSLOW, M.B. (John Ouseley. 12s. 6d. net.)

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most important books of an autobiographical nature that has been published in recent years is Dr. Forbes Winslow's recollections of forty years' experience of criminal lunacy cases. He is now sixty-six, and, to use his own sporting language, "not out." Indeed, he is very far from being anywhere near out, if this vigorously, clearly-written volume is a criterion of his present physical and mental ability. Essentially a man of action, so far as the type is distinguishable from the purely intellectual, Dr. Winslow does not trouble much about the style of his writing. He is even sometimes ungrammatical almost to the verge of unintelligibility. But his greatness and importance lie herein: he has emphatically something special to say and he says it. The self-assertiveness, the aggressiveness, the self-laudation, the constant panegyrics on his own value and on the worthlessness, comparatively, of people who think differently from him, may not be attractive to timid, compromising souls that wish to find everything for the best in this Panglossian "best of all possible worlds," that do not want to be disturbed in their foregone conclusions, that want, at any cost, to be comfortable; but to the sympathetic reader, who perchance has not had the opportunity or the courage or the desire of playing reformer, a book like the present comes as a most refreshing breeze. It helps one to realise that there are still men in this English world of ours who are not afraid of being men and proclaiming boldly that they are so; who have an absolute contempt for the shifts of conscience and cowardly excuses which the majority of us make to ourselves for not pursuing and inculcating truth, as we cannot help seeing it to be.

It may readily be maintained that a man like Dr. Forbes Winslow, who has rendered such important service to mankind, in spite of all discouragement, all obstacles placed in his way by red-tapeism and incompetence on the part both of the Treasury and the police, has a right to plume himself, even to brag, on his achievement. Certainly our author is fully justified in doing so. Some of the examples he gives of police and official fatuity fairly make one gasp. Oxenstiern once made the famous remark that it is wonderful with how little wisdom the world is governed—and he certainly was in a position to speak from wide experience. But it always comes as a shock to realise that *mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*. The really incredible stupidity involved in the verdict on the Maybrick case, and on many others Dr. Winslow adduces, is nothing less than appalling. It is plain as daylight that to this hour judicial murders are practically committed every year. The equally incredible stupidity involved in the Jack the Ripper crimes on the part of the police, who refused all outside help or information, is

set forth with full details, and is calculated not precisely to increase general admiration for the force and its administrators. Through our author's exertions it is evident that Jack the Ripper could have been, on at least one occasion, arrested on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, where, being amongst other things a religious maniac, he used to go every Sunday to buoy himself up in his condition of religious exaltation about crimes that appeared to him acts of supreme virtue and self-sacrifice for the good of Christianity. But, of course, the police refused to interfere, and even took no notice whatever of Dr. Winslow's suggestion—because it came from outside. Therefore it must be set down to the lasting credit of Dr. Winslow, and emphatically not of the police, that there was a sudden cessation of the Ripper murders. Without any doubt Dr. Winslow's searching investigations frightened the man out of England.

And now comes the interesting and exciting information which he gives in his book, that probably within a short time, owing to certain Australian correspondence started by his energy and initiative in the discovery of the criminal, Jack the Ripper will be found to be working in South Africa, probably in the mines, and may be arrested even before this review appears! Many of the other cases dwelt upon by the doctor, who publishes portraits of the accused, facsimile notes, and all kinds of other data regarding them, reveal most lamentable miscarriages of justice. Who, looking upon the picture of Mary Ansell, accused of murdering her sister, who was actually in a lunatic asylum, by sending her a poisoned cake, and subsequently hanged for it, could believe that an utterly degenerate woman of that low, imbecile type could have been responsible for her action? The pictures of the sister and mother are likewise reproduced, and it is impossible not to recognise in them the clear-marked traits of irresponsible weakness of intellect. Yet Mary Ansell was hanged. It may be urged perhaps it was all the better, not only for the community but even for herself. That, however, is no excuse for the injustice and illegality of the execution. After all, at bottom, society, or the governing body, whichever one may term it, is primarily responsible for the mere existence of such abnormalities. Take again the case of Devereux, who was accused of murdering his wife and children. There was insanity recorded both in the history of the Devereux family and that of his wife. That surely ought to rank as one of the strongest arguments against imputability. Yet Devereux was hanged, protesting his innocence to the last. It seems probable that Mrs. Devereux, wishing to keep the children quiet, gave them some soothing medicine, unfortunately finding she had given too much when they dropped into insensibility. In her terrible alarm and panic her insane heredity suddenly established itself over her actions, as it is wont to do at crises, and she killed herself. Devereux, entering afterwards, and realising the horrible catastrophe, himself fell a victim to his own heredity, lost head and all presence of mind—as a great many of us sane persons would do under the circumstances—and instead of at once calling the police, endeavoured to hide what had happened. His subsequent behaviour was that of a characteristic lunatic. Nevertheless he was sent to the scaffold.

To dwell upon each case in detail, as Dr. Winslow presents it, with all the additional information which some stupid, antediluvian formalities of our police and Home Office system prevent the public from being acquainted with, would obviously be impossible. Among American cases, in which he was consulted when he went over as President of the Mexico Legal Congress, and in which he acted as a decisive influence, may be mentioned the Hanigan and Durrant cases—both of murder and both representing probably that form of it which is infinitely more common than is usually believed, the erotic. The late Professor Lombroso, of whom our author was a great friend and admirer, had much to say about this particular kind of homicide; and in France Dr. Charles Féré has done notable service in expounding the facts of irresponsibility where such acts, combined as they generally are with epilepsy in some shape, are committed. The whole

raises a vitally important question—the question of responsibility—in its clearest aspect. If one were to go as far as, for instance, M. Hamon, responsibility would be altogether denied, and attacks of an individual, whether criminal or not, would be regarded as irresponsible. His position, as is that of a whole school of modern criminologists, is that of a total denial of free will. In which case, of course, free will being denied, responsibility for act or thought no longer exists. So that what we call crime would, then, become a matter for the doctor rather than for the judge. And it is notable that the point has more than once been seized by judges in our own criminal courts. If a crime is a matter for the doctor, there is obviously no room for the judge or barristers or solicitors or legal proceedings altogether. If a crime is an inherited aberration of the intellectual and moral forces, as they are at the same time modified by environment, then what is required is not law-courts, but an increase of sanatoria of various kinds and lunatic asylums. This is the view of extremists, which has to be taken into account. In the volume before us there is in one case an actual suggestion of the necessity, in certain trials, not only of a judge, but also of a medical assessor. There is, indeed, no question as to the extension of the influence of medical evidence in our law-courts. Fifty or sixty years ago what counsel would have dreamed of pleading kleptomania, and what medical man would have dared to have given evidence in its favour?

For great courage in thus speaking forth what he believed and felt to be the truth, and in spreading abroad the light of science as applied to the development, often eccentric, of human beings, Dr. Forbes Winslow must receive the warmest and most cordial thanks of those who believe in humanising the race by the recognition and practical application of scientific facts. What the future may bring forth, as between judge and doctor, and the respective spheres of influence they may control, it is difficult to say, though the tendency to greater leniency of sentence is everywhere remarkable. It is a sign of the *Zeitgeist*. Is it for the good of humanity, or would perhaps a more relentless treatment, after the fashion hinted at in Plato's "Republic," be more conducive to an ideal state? Perchance nowadays we are too fond of coddling weaklings and criminals. Have they a place in the scheme of inexorable Nature that makes their preservation worth maintaining? Anyhow, we cannot but mournfully agree with our author that this generation of Englishmen is not what it should be. That there are many exceptions to the general degeneracy of mind and physique and moral courage is no doubt true, but this helps to enforce the conviction that on the whole there is a downward tendency in a nation that is ever seeking luxury and pleasure, that looks on at games instead of playing them, that even smokes cigarettes instead of pipe or cigar, that swaddles itself up in clothes at the least inclemency of weather, that, in fact, seems to have lost to a large extent its energy, hardihood, and manliness. No wonder there are Suffragettes.

A REGION OF COMING IMPORTANCE

Argentina Past and Present. By W. H. KOEBEL. Illustrated. (Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

This is a work possessing an importance far above the literary workmanship bestowed on it or its topographical and geographical interest, for it is such a book as this that sets out the trend of emigration, and it is in the wake of such trend of emigration that modern statesmanship is most vitally concerned. It is particularly so with any portion of the vast continent of South America, for the situation there to the far-seeing eye is complex and arrestive. We of the English race, whose pioneers in time past have painted a third of the world's map red, and so procured the possibility for Englishmen to emigrate, to leave the crowded Old World for open savannahs

and virgin jungles, without losing our nationality, we have no conception of the difficulty that besets a nation like Germany, in whose case each emigrant, as he leaves his country, leaves his nationality behind him. And there is no doubt that Germany has long had its eye on South America as a fair prospect for colonisation. But the Monroe doctrine (powerful despite its artificiality and dogmatism) stretches out as a ruthless barrier. How long the barrier will be regarded with awe is another question, and this is where the place of South America in international politics becomes so full of interest.

To this interest such a book as this adds enlightenment, too, for naturally the European interest in South America is with its eastern littoral, and in the eastern littoral Argentina must needs absorb primary attention. So situated that its capital knows neither the rigours of excessive heat nor cold, its extremities extend, nevertheless, on the one hand, into regions almost equatorial, and on the other thrusting a nose down towards Antarctic severity. It thus offers a sufficiently wide choice to satisfy the most fastidiously disposed of emigrants, and presents a refreshing contrast to the tropical republics of Brazil and Bolivia; and Mr. Koebel does the whole range thus offered justice by way of detailed treatment, save the extreme south. We presume his omitting to take us further south than Bahia Blanca is owing to the fact that the more southern regions have as yet scarcely received attention at the hands of either emigrants or inhabitants, which is true enough, and this may also stand as evidence of its lesser intrinsic value. Nevertheless, such neglect is a deficiency in his book, if not in the eyes of prospective immigrants, at least to those for whom the general geography of this world has an interest born of curiosity and the spirit of adventure. Yet, if the extreme south is untouched by Mr. Koebel, the remaining portions of the country receive careful attention, and, when occasion demands, detailed treatment. His introductory chapter, sketching the discovery and conquest of the country, is, by the nature of the book, necessarily cursory. Nevertheless, the main heads of the story are given. How persistent and indomitable were those early *conquistadores*? A review of the Spanish nation to-day makes one wonder where the fire that went, not only to the mere discovery (a task difficult enough, and demanding native qualities of dogged persistence, unquenchable zeal, and splendid imagination) of these lands, but to their conquest, has all gone.

Once established, Argentina has never turned back. Having initially none of the glamour of the gold-bearing Peru, it was regarded as a Tom Tiddler's ground for farmers, and in general as a highway to countries of greater interest, and this not only by the authorities in Spain, but also by the neighbouring states. But the ways of Fortune are deceptive. Her cent. per cents. too frequently end in smoke and barrenness, while her five per cents. continue persistently on century after century, rising to greater intrinsic value as years go on. So it has been with Argentina. Peru dazzled the eyes of the early *conquistadores* with its mica temples with solid roofs of gold gleaming in the sun, while the first settlers in Argentina were sober-minded farmers. Yet compare the respective position and importance of the two countries now! Peru is but little thought of, while this book alone suffices to show to what degree Argentina has gone ahead.

So far as the cities of Argentina are concerned, Buenos Aires, of course, towers over all the others in splendour and importance. Indeed, the main interests of Argentina seem divided mainly between Buenos Aires and the Campo. Few European cities can match it in splendour or the equipment of civilisation. Luxuriously laid out, splendidly built, with eye to beauty not less than to utility, magnificently endowed by Nature, it seems like a paradise and a haven for comfort. Such being the case, it is needless to say that those arts that go to making life a thing of luxury are not neglected. But it is the Campo, with the wild open-air life, that will most attract the English reader of this book, as those who are attracted to it come from the higher status of English life. Mr.

Koebel's chapter on "The British Emigrant" will make attentive, and the more attentive because scarcely palatable, reading for those vaunters of the English character who consider it as endowed by Nature for the express purpose of colonisation and emigration. On its own merits English labour in Argentina is being eclipsed by Italian, Spanish, German, and even Russian. It makes salutary reading, this chapter; but there are the facts, and the utmost national self-complacency cannot afford to neglect them.

Mr. Koebel touches with fascinating hand on the tropical north, and also on the loftier west towards the Andes. His style is sometimes relieved by humour to its considerable enhancement, otherwise it is marked by a simplicity that tends now and then to become too merely topographical and incidental. But it is difficult to avoid this when the subject partakes of the nature of an explanatory and appreciative catalogue. The illustrations are numerous and well produced. The book will undoubtedly receive the attention that the merits of its subject deserve.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Tartarin sur les Alpes. By ALPHONSE DAUDET. Adapted and edited by GEORGE PETILLEAU, B.A. Siepmann's Advanced French Series. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d.)

NOWADAYS school text-books in modern languages are of a very different type to those given to our fathers. No longer is literary merit the sole criterion by which such books are chosen; the modern schoolboy must also have "an interesting story" to stimulate his ardour in studying. It is obviously in order to combine the two qualities mentioned that the Siepmann Advanced French Series has been formed. Of this series we now have Daudet's "Tartarin sur les Alpes" before us. It is late in the day to write of the merits of this work, for the Tartarin trilogy is known all the world over; but one may perhaps comment on the excellence of the choice of this masterpiece for school use. The humours of the immortal Tartarin—something of an inglorious Cyrano—may lose a trifle of their pungency for those who have not visited the *Midi*, yet Daudet's wit is sufficiently "universal" to capture the interest of the youth of England—notoriously elusive though it be, where the study of French is concerned. Not only is the book a delightfully satirical tale of adventure, but, as the editor says, "in its pages future tourists will have for their guide (to Switzerland), not the dry and solemn statements to be found in the Handbooks of Joanne and Baedeker, but that witty and accomplished writer, Alphonse Daudet." Mr. George Petilleau, B.A., of Charterhouse, will add to his reputation as a teacher by the skilled and tactful manner in which he has adapted and edited "Tartarin sur les Alpes." The notes are copious—of necessity, owing to the author's colloquial style, the introduction of Provençal phrases, and to what Mr. Petilleau calls "the Daudetisms"—but they are to the point, and not overdone. Perhaps, however, the editor might have insisted a little more on etymology, a subject of ever-growing importance in modern examinations. A special word of commendation should be given to the excellent appendices, which give words and phrases for viva voce, passages for re-translation, and sentences on syntax and idioms. Needless to say, this volume is excellently printed, and of the handy size that is a feature of the series.

Etude sur la Langue et le Style de Leconte de Lisle. By JOHN HAROLD WHITELEY. (Horace Hart, University Press, Oxford. 5s. net.)

CHARLES MARIE LECONTE DE LISLE has been described as the most scholarly of modern French poets, and the purest product and highest attainment of the Parnassian movement in French literature. Mr. J. H. Whiteley chose as his thesis for the doctorate of literature at the University

of France, this poet's literary style, and the thesis has now been published under the above title. Mr. Whiteley is not only a master of the subject which he has chosen; he is also an adept in the language which he has selected as a vehicle of expression, and by this work he has shown himself as much at his ease in French as if it were his native tongue. Especially interesting is the comparison between the movement of which the poet was the first flower and the contemporary art and literary movement in England, that of the Pre-Raphaelites. Walter Pater, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Sir Edwin Arnold are all passed in review by Mr. Whiteley, and to every one of them he devotes a brief critical summary. His view of Leconte de Lisle himself is summarised in the following passage:—

"He may be reproached with being too much Hellenized, with showing himself too haughty, too disdainful of the people, with being to too great an extent the poet of a clique of the extremely cultured; but no one can deny the rich composition of his verses, the abundance of their verbal and intellectual graces, their artistic and delicate workmanship, the absence of all desire to please otherwise than by nobleness of conception and extreme care in execution. His example teaches above all else the worship of art, the inflexible respect for form; he has attempted to unite anew art and science, and on this subject he himself has said:—'The one (art) has been the primitive revelation of the ideal contained in external nature: the other (science) has been the reasoned study and luminous exposition of the same. But art has lost this intuitive spontaneity, or, rather, has exhausted it; it is the function of science to restore the sense of its forgotten traditions in order that it may live again in the forms which are in truth its own.'"

Creation According to the Hebraic Cosmogony. By WM. N. HAGGARD. (The Author, 5, Selwyn Avenue, Richmond, Surrey. 1s. post free.)

It is difficult to understand what Mr. Haggard really means in his book, although he explains on the title page that in the succeeding pages "the Mosaic luminations respecting the Origin and Involution of Creation" are "logically expounded in accordance with biblical symbolism," and in the first paragraph of his preface that "this little work is an attempt to indicate the claim of the opening chapter of the Bible to contain inspired account respecting the Genesis or generation of the physical and spiritual universes." The volume, however, which is little more than a pamphlet, is divided into two parts, entitled respectively "Exposition" and "Elucidation," with a concluding chapter headed "The Divine Tri-unity." Mr. Haggard's literary style and meaning can best be illustrated by means of quotation, and for this purpose the following instances will well serve:—"And God said: Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place; and let the dry (land) appear." Mr. Haggard's exposition of this passage is: "And the Divine Mind willed to synthetically conceive, and collect, as though in the outermost sphere of His Everlasting Memory, and in inexhaustible measure, number, and variety, a permanent storage reservoir, or chaos, of special ethereal, forcible, and material principles, properties, modes, and potentialities; and therefrom to involve the elementary constituents of a concrete Physical Cosmos, as a unified, lifeless *non-egoal* entity, extraneous, and antithetic to the archetypic Form of His *Aeonial egoal* subsistence."

This illuminating style pervades the book, which extends to seventy-eight pages.

The Psalms in the Jewish Church. By the Rev. W. O. E. OESTERLEY, D.D. (Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

DR. OESTERLEY is in the forefront of the Christian authorities on the Jewish liturgy, and the present volume, like its predecessors from the same pen, is replete with learning, and, at the same time, with sympathy with Jewish ideals. Dr. Oesterley, in his prefatory note, admits

that the literature dealing with the Psalms is voluminous; but at the same time he rightly adds that the Jewish aspect of the subject has been almost entirely neglected. This alone would be sufficient excuse for the present volume, if one were needed, but a book such as Dr. Oesterley's requires no apology. The author enters thoroughly into his subject. He first discusses the music of the ancient Hebrews and contemporary peoples, and then the music, both instrumental and vocal, of biblical times. Next proceeding through a critical consideration of the structure of the Psalms, treated from the different points of view of history, literature, and liturgy, he finally arrives at the place which the Book of Psalms occupies in the liturgy of the Jews of to-day and in their home life. In conclusion, a chapter is devoted to "Jewish Exegesis of the Psalms," and a commentary is contributed on Psalm xci. The book as a whole gives expression to established facts, rather than to theoretical opinions, and in consequence gives little opportunity for criticism. It suffices to say that Dr. Oesterley has chosen an interesting subject, and has treated it in a scholarly and at the same time a readable manner.

The Libraries, Museums, and Art Galleries Year Book, 1910-11. Edited by ALEXANDER J. PHILIP. (Scott, Greenwood and Co. 5s. net.)

Of the making of books there is no end, and it would appear that since Mr. Carnegie has been so lavish with his gifts in connection with free libraries, a very much larger number of books have been put into circulation than hitherto found their way into the hands of the less fortunate portion of the community. Haphazard we open the volume before us at page 191, and find that Lewisham, with an estimated population of 160,000, has one central and five branch libraries. The stock consists of 54,000 lending and 5,100 reference books, which works out roughly to about one book to every three persons. The total income is £24,500, and the rate levied 1d. in the £. We believe we are right in saying that one, if not more, of the sites of the Lewisham branch libraries was presented by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Surely a doubtful "gift" to this as to many another poor South London borough. But the book before us, which is the third edition of the "British Library Year Book" since 1897, deals not only with so-called free libraries, but gives "all the essential details" with regard to the special collection of books in all libraries, museums, and art galleries as well as an "alphabetical list of architects for the use of library authorities contemplating new buildings." Mr. Alexander J. Philip, the editor and also chief librarian of the public library at Gravesend, has undoubtedly compiled a very useful reference book for the use of those persons who are employed in the work of these institutions, and also for anyone who desires "to ascertain the literary, artistic, and educational resources of individual towns."

Woman, Her Power, Influence, and Mission. By the REV. VIVIAN R. LENNARD, M.A., with a Preface by the COUNTESS OF JERSEY. (Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d.)

THE written sermon always suffers from lack of the voice, the gesture, the play of expression, which put fire into 'he words and hold the attention of the listeners. It is inevitably so, and it is a very severe test of any discourse to read it coolly and calmly in the level, unimpressive lines of print—almost, we might say, an unfair test, since many phrases or turns of a sentence may pass as harmless in speaking which will show up as serious flaws when written. This collection of addresses by the Rev. Vivian Lennard bearing upon a common theme passes the ordeal very well indeed. Without being in any way pretentious, the chapters contain a vast amount of good advice presented in a pleasant manner; they are neither too colloquial nor unduly formal, and although a certain amount

of platitude is difficult to avoid, the author is rarely at a loss for a suitable and not too hackneyed setting. No lengthy comment is needed on this little book, but we select for special mention a brief address on "A Pure Friendship," which has much good sense, and is admirably adapted to the critical age of young manhood and womanhood.

Sauce for the Gander, and Other Plays. By VIOLET M. METHLEY. (Skeffington and Son. 2s. net.)

Sisters in Arms, and Other Short Plays in the Form of Triologues, Duologues, and Monologues. By M. O. SALE. (Skeffington and Son. 2s. net.)

"Sauce for the Gander" and "Sisters in Arms" are two little books of playlets. The first, by Miss Violet Methley, is a straightforward, simple collection of one-act sketches suitable for amateur performance at Christmas. The other, by Mr. or Miss M. O. Sale, has a somewhat Shavian and pretentious preface which is a little more amusing than the mono-, duo-, and trio-logues of which the volume is composed.

FICTION

PRESENT AND PAST.

The Wild Olive. By the Author of "The Inner Shrine." (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

The Mummy Moves. By MARY GAUNT. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

The Noise of Life. By CHRISTOPHER STONE. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

Sir Hender O'Halloran, V.C. By HAROLD VALLINGS. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 6s.)

The Doomed City. By JOHN R. CARLING. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.)

"THE WILD OLIVE."

TIME was when the fact that a novel hailed from America was sufficient to bring a premonitory groan to the lips of the jaded reviewer; but whether it is that publishers are more careful of the quality of their importations than they were wont, or, as we prefer to think, that the general standard of American fiction is rising steadily, there is no doubt that most of the novels that reach us nowadays from the United States compare very favourably with those of present-day English writers. On the whole they are carefully written, and treat of life with an earnestness and directness that is rather refreshing after the world-weariness that troubles so many of our novelists; nor have they accepted the worn convention of love-making too long fostered by the editors of English popular magazines.

"The Wild Olive" is an extremely good example of the kind of book to which we refer. The story is by no means strikingly original, but the anonymous author has put real vigour into the telling of it, and his sincerity and knowledge of the emotional side of life give the book considerable literary distinction. His characters are creatures of flesh and blood, which are, after all, better materials for the construction of men and women than ink and paper, and he knows how to be reticent without being namby-pamby. "The Wild Olive" is worthy of the author of "The Inner Shrine," and more than fulfils the promise of that admirable book.

"THE MUMMY MOVES."

The hazard of the book-shelf sometimes brings together strange companions, and it is perhaps a little unfair to contrast Mrs. Gaunt's sensational story with a book of the merit of "The Wild Olive." "The Mummy Moves" is a not particularly ambitious detective story, and by no means a bad example of its far too numerous class. The plot is too complicated, and the book would have been better if it had been shorter; but there is mystery enough to rouse the most sluggish nerves, and the solution is

ingenious and unexpected. But Mrs. Gaunt's chief claim to our suffrage is her would-be literary detective Dobson, a very persuasive character, with his constant flow of quotation and classical allusion, and one, moreover, who can boast with few of his *confrères* that he does not derive from Sherlock Holmes. The minor characters are not more vapid than they usually are in detective fiction.

"THE NOISE OF LIFE."

This book is a great deal more pretentious than "The Mummy Moves," but in no way to be preferred to Mrs. Gaunt's frank sensationalism. The central figure of the story is an English poet, who takes opium, and gradually reproduces the manner of life of Verlaine, but he gives us no impression of his greatness. His wife is an extraordinary person who flogs her eighteen-year-old son, and for that matter her husband, with a riding-whip, and finally endeavours to win her widowhood by aid of poison. The son is a weak creature, who is unconvincing even in his weakness. In fact, all the characters are like paste-board figures painted by a child with the brightest colours of its paint-box, and set down in angular attitudes before gaudy scenery to create the illusion of life. Lacking the happy faith of children in the potential reality of puppets, we find "The Noise of Life" exceedingly tiresome. The best thing in the book is the quotation from Alfred de Musset that adorns the title-page and gives the book its name; and that it does nothing to deserve.

"SIR HENDER O'HALLORAN, V.C."

The uniting of two pairs of lovers and a separated husband and wife, ingeniously bound up with the mystery of a legacy, is the kernel of the book entitled "Sir Hender O'Halloran, V.C." But the author, Mr. Harold Vallings, has placed his nut in a psychological shell. The book is not so much a story with a plot as a dissection of character and, incidentally, of environment. The action takes place in Bath, and the pettiness, meanness, and Christianity-covered sins of its society are set forth with keen insight, and the various characters around whom the story evolves are types. The subtle manner in which Lady Bland and Mrs. Jaynes, both pillars of society in this smug and respectable town, devote themselves body and soul, sleeping and waking, to the wrecking of the happiness of Sir Hender and his wife, while they are all the while supposed to be striving might and main to bring about a happy re-union between the separated pair, is a delightfully carried out piece of satire. It is unfortunate that Mr. Vallings indulges in the habit of using favourite words and phrases which are pedantic and precious. "By and large," "in grain," and "poise" seem to draw him like a magnet. They recur again and again at every conceivable and inconceivable opportunity. They drop on one unawares with such persistence that at last one lies in wait for them, expecting them to pop out suddenly for no rhyme and reason—which they do. For the rest, the style is easy and flowing, the dialogue natural, the story well worked out, and the characterisation extremely excellent, although some of the types are highly objectionable to associate with in real life, and consequently make somewhat tedious reading.

"THE DOOMED CITY."

Of this story of the past one may say that the author has out-Hentyed Henty. From one's boyhood one has been accustomed to look upon Henty as the writer of stirring tales of the ancient Romans and Egyptians, but Mr. Carling has shown us that he can do it even better. This present work of his is a history of the fall of Jerusalem. The author's knowledge of the ancients is deep, and he sets it forth with a richness of detail as to customs, religion, dress, and manners which is exceedingly interesting. Into this he has woven a clever love story. Crispus, the hero, is married, upon swearing to certain conditions, to a deeply veiled lady whom he is not allowed to see, but who can see him, and immediately

after the ceremony he departs on his duties as deputy legate. How he finds his wife after many adventures, all leading up to the fall of the doomed city, makes the plot of this novel. Mr. Carling has discovered the secret of treating history not as a dull, tedious setting forth of dates and names and facts, but as an absorbingly interesting theme for what, under his hands, is a delightful novel. The growth of Christianity in spite of the fierce hatred and slaughterings of the Jews, bigoted and deadly enemies of everything connected with "Jesus, son of Panther," is shown with great skill. Many of the Apostles whom one has met in the Acts live again in this book, and the chapters which describe the battle and siege outside the city and the miseries and horrors which took place within are absorbing in their excitement. We cordially recommend this book.

MR. BELLOC'S WAY

A new edition of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's "Old Road" marks a convenient point from which to take a brief glance at this particular side of his art—a form of writing which we may describe as the Essay Ambulatory. For there are as many kinds of essays in these days as Touchstone found of causes for quarrel—the essay methodical, of which we have good examples in the *Spectator* "middles"; the essay informative, such as the average *Globe* "turnover"; the essay chaotic, which adorns the *Daily News* fourth page every Saturday; the essay didactic, expository, romantic, sarcastic—and a host of others ancillary to the principal headings. Mr. Belloc himself has accomplished several sorts, but the essay ambulatory is his strong tower, and for it, we think, he is most sincerely admired by a large section of literary readers.

It may seem a fairly easy matter to go for a tramp across England or France and write about it in an attractive fashion; but it is not so easy as it looks. We are reminded, as we read Mr. Belloc's "Path to Rome," or his "Old Road," of an improving little story absorbed in youthful days entitled "Eyes and No Eyes," wherein the bad boy and the good boy are questioned, on their return from the selfsame walk, as to what they had seen. The bad boy has seen nothing of interest, but the good boy has perceived every flower, every stone, every bird—perceived so much, in fact, that he lays himself open to the suspicion of having carefully prepared his glib catalogue beforehand. He is a perfect perambulating encyclopædia. So is Mr. Belloc; but the good boy was a bright little prig with no sense of humour—in which the comparison fails. For though Mr. Belloc sees everything and talks about everything, and apparently knows about everything, he "has a way with him" which disarms all thoughts of priggishness; and he most certainly possesses a delightfully lively sense of humour. He buttonholes you, gives a confidential wink, puts a hand affectionately on your shoulder, and discourses on the trees, the road, the stars, the inns, the wines, the old people and young people, until we are surprised when the bend in the road comes and we have to say goodbye. We have been under a charm, and this in spite of the fact that our companion does not hesitate to reprove, to lecture, to upbraid, when he deems it advisable. Best of friends is Mr. Belloc when the mood for travel is upon him. Who that reads it can forget that first glimpse of the Alps, in "The Path to Rome"?—

So little are we, we men; so much are we immersed in our muddy and immediate interests, that we think, by numbers and recitals, to comprehend distance or time, or any of our limiting infinities. Here were these magnificent creatures of God, I mean the Alps, which now for the first time I saw from the height of the Jura; and because they were a mile or two high, they were become something different from us others, and could strike one motionless

* "The Old Road." By Hilaire Belloc. New Octavo Edition. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

with the awe of supernatural things. Up there in the sky, to which only clouds belong, and birds, and the last trembling colours of pure light, they stood fast and hard; not moving as do the things of the sky. They were as distant as the little upper clouds of summer, as fine and tenuous; but in their reflection and in their quality as it were of weapons (like spears and shields of an unknown array) they occupied the sky with a sublime invasion; and the things proper to the sky were forgotten by me in their presence as I gazed.

In "The Old Road" we find few such passages. Mr. Belloc, when he wrote it, six years ago, was constructing a blend of the essay informative and the essay ambulatory, and he was so primed with detailed knowledge of the Pilgrim's Way that he unfortunately forgot that it was his duty, as an essayist, to digress whenever an opportunity offered. The best bit of the book is the introductory chapter, the keynote. He explains why he took this route through the sweet southern counties:—

For my part I desired to step exactly in the footprints of such ancestors. I believed that, as I followed their hesitations at the river-crossings, as I climbed where they had climbed to a shrine whence they also had seen a wide plain, as I suffered the fatigue they suffered, and laboriously chose, as they had chosen, the proper soils for going, something of their much keener life would wake again in the blood I drew from them, and that in a sort I should forget the vileness of my own time, and renew for some few days the better freedom of that vigorous morning when men were already erect, articulate, and worshipping God, but not yet broken by complexity and the long accumulation of evil.

This chapter, "On the Road," is wholly in Mr. Belloc's best vein of serene reflection. Afterwards, from Hampshire to Canterbury, he is devoted to the particular track which forms the theme of the book; but in the closing pages, as many readers will remember, occurs an exquisite impression of Canterbury Cathedral, "fragile and blind against the changing life of the sky and those activities of light that never fall or die." The illustrations to this new edition are by William Hyde, and have a decided charm; it must be no easy task to please Mr. Belloc in the matter of illustrations. A map at the end aids the reader to follow in spirit the journeying of his author.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOLMAN HUNT

NEARLY thirty years ago, in an East End slum, there was a little parish social party; and a gushing lady, who did good to the poor by distilling the dew of personal influence upon them, called out in an advertising voice: "Oh, Mr. Hunt! Come here and talk to Bessie; she says she would rather have a photograph of our Vicar than this nice coloured thing of your 'Light of the World.'" A gentle little man in a light suit came up, and said in a slow, pleasant voice: "Which is Bessie?" And when he was shown a laughing lassie with a large touse of hair and ear-rings, he said with simplicity and conviction: "Bessie, do you know, I think you are quite right, quite right. Stick to it, Bessie!" Then he wandered about into the crowd, and seemed quite glad that anyone should pass him the time of day. His face was a curious study, with the dreamy eyes and firm look. Too sincere to be shy, too modest to expect to be noticed, he was always saying things which edified, because they were not meant to edify, and he rebuked affectation without the least intention of doing so. He was anxious to be kind to the poor, if he only knew how, and would have parties of slum mothers or boys' guilds to his house to tea. They walked round the house and garden, and if they were interested in anything—roses, rabbits, pictures, furniture, tea-cups, or puppies—he would say pleasant, interesting little things about any of these objects, devoid of any taint of useful information. If anyone asked him about persons he would

tell delightful frank anecdotes, concerning, maybe, the great men he knew and loved and measured exactly. He liked a spice of fun in everything, too, and his face beamed as he described a walk with Tennyson he had lately taken. They heard footsteps behind, and the great man frowned. "How they dog us, Hunt! How shall we escape them?" "Just sit on the stile till they pass," said the matter-of-fact artist. They did so, and two lads in knickerbockers marched by, swinging their sticks, and not even turning their heads. Tennyson was chop-fallen. "Do you know, Hunt," he said, "I do not think they know who I am." "Very likely, my dear Tennyson; and they would not even know if you told them!"

After some years, the Hunts were coming home from the East, and shipped from Egypt in a liner. An able editor told the captain that he had a great artist aboard, and that worthy asked if the fellow had any pictures in this year's Academy. When the answer was a decided "No," he said: "Poor chap! Better luck next time." No one was better pleased with this bluff sea-sympathy than the unassuming artist himself, who accepted it with glee. On one fine blue day in the Mediterranean, Holman was pacing the hurricane deck in his solar helmet, his hands behind his back, happy in his own rich thoughts and the fine weather, when he became aware of a little maid with a slate who was trying to draw a barque on the starboard side. He stopped and looked down. "Can you draw ships?" he said, very deliberately. The little maid pushed back her hair and replied: "No, I'm afraid I can't. Can you?" He sat down on the deck, and said he would try, if she liked. She did like, and they sat cheek-by-jowl on the white boards, and slowly there began to grow on the slate the barque, and the waves, and the sunlight. They hardly spoke, and both watched the ship and the slate in turns. Suddenly a harsh voice said: "Gwendoline, where are you?" The little maid seized the slate and penell and jumped up. An outrageous butter-woman mamma seized her roughly, and said: "Did I not tell you you were not to speak to strangers?" Then she wetted a little sponge and wiped the picture fiercely out. The artist said nothing. He simply walked up and down again, as before, as unruffled as the sea he was enjoying. At Gibraltar he was filled with an ardent historic and patriotic ardour. He told the story of some of its sieges, of the Spaniards' horror of English audacity, and he said: "What an education it must be to Tommy Atkins, even to see the piles of shot waiting for the next chapter in the tale." He drove over to Spain, and thought it magnificent that copper lustre should still be made of bold Moorish designs. He was even so filled with the spirit of Gib that he resisted the absurd demands of the cabman for treble fare.

It was delightful to hear him talk of his pictures, too, and to gather how painful a workman he was. "Yes, I read the history of all the Rabbis I could find," he said, "for 'Before the Doctors.' This one, who is shading his eyes, went blind afterwards. You see that Parsee in 'Magdalen Tower'? I put him in because I think there is some trace of sun-worship in that May-day carol singing. I wish they would brighten the service with flowers, such as I have put round that boy's neck. We are too afraid of ritual. Tennyson did not like the Lady of Shalott's hair blown about. He said he had not told about her hair being blown about in his poem. I almost said: 'But, my dear Tennyson, in the poem from which you took yours it does say that her hair was flying about.'" That Lady of Shalott, with all the studies that preceded her, was a type of the artist's thoroughness and ungrudging industry. Take the plaques round the wall. They were first designed and studied, many times. Then they were modelled in clay. Then they were made in majolica. Then they were arranged under the roof, and finally they went thus into the picture. Such sustained delight in his work, such generosity of labour, time, trouble, and cost, went to the making of Holman Hunt's pictures. He seemed to be entirely and singly disinterested in the question whether they were approved or derided by the public. He held

his brush in trust for some other Master than himself, or the critics, or the great British public; so that whatever be the finished verdict upon them, there can be but one upon him. He was like the saints.

MR. JOSEPH HOLBROOKE'S " DYLAN "

THE relationship existing between economics and art is at once obvious and subtle. Financial considerations act and react upon all forms of art, and there are few men of genius to-day engaged in writing, painting, or composing who have not made some overt or covert compromise with the public. That compromise has its origin in purely monetary difficulties; like most compromises, it is not altogether effective, for the artist is compelled to sacrifice to the public some of that particular distinctiveness which is the essence of his genius. In the art of music there is at present less originality than in any other art, because all composers the world over possess one language in which to express themselves, their ideas spread rapidly, like a scandal, from one country to another, and a musician of dominating genius easily and unconsciously imposes his style and the colour of his thoughts upon all men of less marked personality. Wagner, for a generation, crushed out of existence practically all dramatic musical genius in Europe; his colossal personality stalked through one country after another, from Russia to Portugal, unmercifully destroying all evidences of originality with which it came in contact.

All excessive strength is apt to become brutal, and we have not yet recovered from the brutality of Wagner. And because musical originality has to contend against these two forces—the necessity to compromise with the public, and the dominance of suffocating and powerful individualities—and because it so rarely survives the conflicts in which they compel it to engage, we value highly all evidence of distinctive and individual thought in contemporary composers. Such evidence is abundantly found in Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, whose opera "Dylan" has recently been published (Novello). His originality, indeed, is almost excessive. It refuses compromise; it regards the public with a cold and arrogant eye; and, absorbing from Wagner all it requires, loses nothing by the closest contact with so ruthless a force. One has only to open at random one of Mr. Holbrooke's orchestral scores to recognise immediately that he is master of a style so firm and yet so fluent, so full of eloquence and yet so weighty in its material, that only subjects of some grandeur and some indefiniteness of outline can be expected to engage his sympathies. Of all writers who come near to him, Edgar Allan Poe comes nearest. The mysticism of Poe's poetry, the suggestion of the *macabre*, and the pictorial qualities of his genius, have intrigued Mr. Holbrooke enormously, and in an orchestral poem like "Ulalume" we get all that magic and oppressive enchantment that come upon us in the heavy sleep of drugs.

But though Mr. Holbrooke's genius is akin to that of Poe, the kinship is accidental rather than derived. The prevailing note in the poet is gloom, the resignation of mind that is content to play with its illusions, and suck enjoyment from its own sorrow; the composer, on the other hand, has a brain that functions so rapidly and so tirelessly, that it is impossible to imagine it satisfied even for a moment with its own bitterness and regrets. For there is something of the intellectual adventurer in Mr. Holbrooke's art. Just as he has used and enlarged most of the art-forms within his reach, ever seeking variety and change in his method of expression, so has he sought for and often found the thrill and glamour that accompany the unusual. He craves for the grandiloquent, the massive, the impossible. Like Kents, who peppered his throat in order to drain the last coolness from a beaker of claret, he is insatiable for poignant sensation, and over everything

he touches he squanders his genius with a prodigal hand, crowding into a work the maximum of emotion, thought, and fineness of technique.

"Dylan" is the second work of a trilogy founded on stories taken from Celtic legends. Mr. T. E. Ellis's poem, it would seem, was not originally conceived or written as a libretto for an opera, but when Mr. Holbrooke had read it, and when his imagination had been set on fire by these fables of Wales, he saw that with some skill the complete poem could be arranged for stage presentation in the form of an operatic trilogy. Though each part of the trilogy is complete in itself, the whole group of legends is unified by dramatic and psychological continuity, and a knowledge of the story of "The Children of Don"—the first music-drama of the trilogy—helps to an understanding of "Dylan." This is not the place in which to give an outline of the dramatic scheme, nor indeed is such an outline necessary for some comprehension of the kind of music Mr. Holbrooke has given us; but as the music springs as naturally from the words as a flower from its stem, it will be as well to explain that Mr. Ellis's poem is conceived in a vein of high romance, that it carries these Celtic stories bravely, infusing them with new life and vigour, and that it has some of the ruggedness and stark beauty that belong to all the old tales that have survived many generations of men. The legends are not "modernised," for Mr. Ellis is too true an artist to attempt to visualise Gwyddno, Dylan, Elan, and Govannion according to the literary conventions of the day. These legendary figures are still shrouded in the mists of long ago; they come near to us with their vivid words and acts, but they do not give us the nearness of intimacy. The feelings that govern them—love, revenge, hatred, and the like—are those which live in our hearts to-day, but the motives that set these emotions at work, the whole scheme that binds character to character, is outside the experience of our life, and is not to be apprehended save by the aid of the imagination.

A subject that is so removed from the littleness attaching to all familiar things, and that is saturated with symbolism, is precisely what one would expect to appeal to Mr. Holbrooke, whose score reveals a genius that never fails through lack of stimulus. The characterisation of the music is as true as it is subtle; a different idiom belongs to each character, and the *leit-motif* system is used with the skill and aptness of one who understands perfectly the scope and utility of dramatic suggestiveness. The choral music is remarkably free and descriptive, and in the eight-part "Wild Fowl Chorus," where the writing is unaffectedly "horizontal" instead of "perpendicular," there are ample signs of an extraordinarily fine and penetrating imagination. But the most remarkable feature of Mr. Holbrooke's "Dylan" music is its eloquence. Never for one moment does the music fall in its expressiveness; its variety, its resource, and its dramatic veracity are such as one gets only in composers who, free from contemporary influences, have arrived at a mature and broad style that is capable of limning all varieties of character and all shades of feeling. The musical phrases have the rhythm, the contour, and the emotional content of the words, and, so far as one can judge from a close study of the vocal score, each note has its logical place in the general scheme, and is the outcome of the dramatic necessity of the moment. British music has not, in our generation, produced many works so fine.

LONDON CORNERS

QUEENHITHE.

It is fairly safe to assume that a very small proportion of visitors to London ever penetrate the noisy recesses of Upper Thames Street; nor, probably, do many of the city's own people wander there, unless business calls them to the neighbourhood. Thames Street itself is no unworthy spectacle, provided one is nimble enough to avoid

the innumerable vans and waggons which all day long make a thunderous music over its cobblestones, and it seems to have changed little in that respect during the last hundred and fifty years, for it is noted in an old chronicle as being "greatly thronged with carts employed in carrying goods and merchandise." It is not wise to stand for long at one spot; indeed, it is almost impossible. If a shouted warning from the level of the street does not move the observer, he will be likely to hear a more imperative alarm from above his head; looking up, he may perceive, swinging from some warehouse window, a length of shining steel chain bearing on its immense claws a huge burden of boxes, or a crate much too bulky to be disregarded. Thames Street has two specialities—its warehouse cranes, and its magnificent horses. The former claim no particular notice here, but the horses must have a word or two; they stand so splendidly patient, so big and sleek and strong, amid the confused rumbling roar which surrounds them; they move off in pairs with such tremendous loads so easily, when once their hoofs have gripped the slippery ground, that admiration is compelled. And it is pleasant to observe how beautifully they are kept, how smooth are their coats, how finely their bodies shine; the lean types of the railway station, harnessed eternally between the shafts of a hansom, with ribs too often plainly showing, would seem curiously insignificant by the side of some of the good-humoured, wingless hippogriffs of Thames Street.

Queenhithe, a short turning leading towards the river, is not a difficult spot to find. Proceeding along the street from the *Times* offices, the name appears on the right, some distance on, and a few meditative minutes spent there will not be wasted. "This ward," says a historian of the eighteenth century, "receives its name from the hithe or harbour for large boats, barges, or lighters, and even for ships, which in ancient times anchored at the place. It bears the additional epithet of Queen, from the queens of England usually possessing the tolls and customs of vessels that unloaded goods there, which were very considerable; and all vessels laden with corn and fish were obliged to unload at this hithe, and nowhere else." At the period of this entry—1769—Queenhithe was a great meal market, with a commodious market-house. The ward then contained the churches of St. Nicholas Cole-Abbey, St. Mary Somerset (Sumner's het, or hithe), and St. Michael, which last dated from the twelfth century; its spire was crowned by a weather-vane in the form of a ship in full sail, which, we believe, is still preserved at the rectory of St. James' Church, in Garlickhithe, near by. Old Fish Street used to be known as "Labour-in-Vain Hill," from the difficulty experienced by carriages in ascending it. From the steps of Queenhithe playgoers were ferried across to the old Globe Theatre on Bankside—the theatre associated with Shakespeare, originally erected in Curtain Road, Finsbury; the rowdiness of its patrons in that district so annoyed the residents that it was removed bodily to the Surrey side.

Queen Elizabeth is said to have allowed Dutch eel boats to moor at the steps free of charge, and the whole history of the place is essentially commercial; but the Queenhithe of to-day has interests of beauty as well as of utility. An artist who should stray down that narrow alley on a sunny afternoon might imagine that London had suddenly taken upon herself to rival Venice. Straight from the waters of a square pool on the right rise the grey walls of huge warehouses, transformed by unexpected shadows and colours, and the view up, down, and across the river is one of the finest rewards that this grim city can provide for those who wander from her main thoroughfares. The sombre barges, nuzzling the bank in the foreground, in the winter are outlined as with pearls by the seagulls; in the summer their rough edges glint in the sun; others drift down sideways, crab-like, with the slow ebb-tide. Tugs appear from the haze, and from dark corners, like little black gnomes, the light catching their flanks and changing gradually while they swerve; as they cross the sun's gleaming path the reflection of their funnels is at first slanting,

then perpendicular, then again slanting, but in the reverse direction—a most curious and beautiful effect. To the left, the great escarpment of Southwark Bridge stretches to the opposite shore in an entrancing perspective; to the right, when in early March the sun sets almost over Blackfriars Bridge, those arches show through the mist and the blue gloom with magical splendour; the colours in the stream, too, are wonderful—amber and gold, purple and crimson, are mingled in a glorious, ever-changing disarray—it is a picture by Turner, living before the eye. On the Surrey side the outline of roofs is broken fantastically in a hundred extraordinary angles, sharply outlined against a vault of blue or brown.

It is worthy of remark that in a half-minute walk from one of the busiest streets such a thrill can be obtained. If the country-folk and Americans who throng St. Paul's Churchyard in autumn only knew how near they were to a superb glimpse of London's great river highway, surely some of them would turn their steps to Queenhithe! Of Londoners, too, how many have seen it or have taken their country cousins to see it? M. Charles Huard, in his wholly delightful book, "*Londres comme je l'ai vu*," reproaches us. "*Je crains*," he says, "*que les Londoniens n'aiment et ne comprennent pas leur belle rivière comme elle le mérite*." He is enthusiastic over these river effects of ours. "*Tant de fumées; de vapeurs flottant dans l'atmosphère, tamisent les rayons du soleil qui vous arrivent dorées, ambrées, magnifiques. Il y a des effets de soleil voilés, des teintes fondues depuis les bleus translucides jusqu'aux jaunes de soufre, aux roses exquis qui colorent au couchant ces gros et admirables cumulus communs à Ruysdaël et à Constable. Ces jeux de la lumière ne sont jamais plus beaux que sur les bords de la Tamise; les décors de palais, d'usines, de quais, de mâtures, de voilures, de bateaux de toutes sortes, font des cadres magnifiques aux nuées qui passent*." Too frequently it is left for a stranger to show us the charms of our own city; if those who have a day to spare only knew how well repaid they would be by an exploration of certain unpromising-looking by-ways—not of necessity mean or unsalubrious—they would discover that London's fascination does not depend on her "show places" at all, interesting though these may be; it is all round us, needing only the inquisitive mind, coating nothing.

NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MR. EDWARD ARNOLD announces for early publication a most interesting collection of biographies, chief among them being "*The Life of the Right Hon. Cecil John Rhodes, 1853-1902*," written by the Hon. Sir Lewis Michell, member of the Executive Council, Cape Colony. The author was an intimate friend of Mr. Rhodes, besides being an executor of Mr. Rhodes's will and a trustee of the Rhodes estate. Another interesting book is a memoir of Hugh Oakeley Arnold-Forster, written by his wife. From a political point of view it is worthy of study, while the personal recollections are, of course, unique. The third book published by the same firm is an autobiography of Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu. Not only had he the honour of the personal friendship of our late King, but he was also on terms of intimacy with the German Emperor, Sir Harry Keppel, Hobart Pasha, and several other well-known men. Mr. Edward Arnold's list also contains "*The Autobiography and Life of Father Tyrrell*," by Maud Petre, who has been able to make use of Father Tyrrell's own notes and letters. The work of another admiral is announced by Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston, and Co. He is Admiral A. T. Mahan, and his book is entitled, "*The Interest of America in International Conditions*." It is announced for the end of this month. A further book of biography is that of Mr. Theodore Stanton, entitled "*Rosa Bonheur: Reminiscences*." Mr. Andrew Melrose is the publisher. Students of Nietzsche

will find that Mr. Foulis is about to provide them with three new translations: Professor Lichtenberger's "Gospel of Superman," translated by Mr. J. M. Kennedy, and "The Will to Power" and "The Joyful Wisdom," translated by Messrs. A. M. Ludovici and Thomas Common.

The announcements of fiction contain the names of many well-known authors. Messrs. Methuen and Co. are bringing out on the 29th a long Indian novel, by Mrs. B. M. Croker, called "The Babes in the Wood." They also promise a book entitled "The Day's Play," by Mr. A. A. Milne, the delightfully humorous "A. A. M." of *Punch* fame. Mr. Edward Arnold is to give us "The Little Gray Mare," by Miss Jane Wardle, "The Pursuit," by Mr. Frank Savile, about whose book readers are assured in the words of this announcement that they will find "some interesting clean-cut characters and some really full-blooded villainy." Mr. F. Claude Kempson, author of "The Green Finch Cruise," also appears in Mr. Arnold's list as the author of "The Misadventures of a Hack Cruiser." The book is illustrated by the writer. Messrs. J. M. Dent are bringing out two books, one a new edition of "Pilgrim's Progress," with illustrations by Mr. Frank C. Pape; the other a romance of the days of Chaucer, entitled "Long Will." The writer, Miss Florence Converse, is the author of "The House of Prayer," which did so well last year. Christmas books are beginning to appear already, and to their numbers Mrs. Julia Mary Gordon contributes one entitled "Purple Heather," published by Mr. Elliot Stock; and Miss Brenda Girvin, the founder of the "Jabberwock" magazine, subscribes another entitled "Pam and Billy," which is to be published by Messrs. George Allen and Sons, who also announce "Louis Wain's Annual, 1910-11." On Mr. Melrose's list is a book which, in view of the recent upheavals in Portugal, should attract attention. It is called "A Shadowed Paradise," by Mr. Mark Sale, and is a faithful record of two years spent in that country. On the same list are also "A Bluestocking in India," by Miss Winifred Heston, M.D.; "Faith Unfaithful," by Mr. A. R. Weekes, which took third place in the competition last year for two hundred and fifty guineas; "Little Jenny Jarrold," by A. G. Arnold, which, it is said, will rank with Mr. Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age"; and "Wandering of Desire," a love story by Mr. E. Charles Vivian, an author whose first novel showed considerable promise. Messrs. Duckworth and Co. announce a novel by an anonymous author who is an experienced journalist. It is called "A Profitable Imbrolio." They also have on their list a story of Somerset life, entitled "The Witch Ladder," by Mr. E. S. Tylee. Among other miscellaneous books of interest is "A History of British Mammals," by Mr. Gerald E. H. Barrett-Hamilton, B.A., M.R.I.A., F.Z.S., with drawings by Mr. Edward A. Wilson, B.A., M.B. It will consist of about twenty-four monthly parts, the first of which is to appear on October 18, and it will be published by Messrs. Gurney and Jackson. Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack announce "The British Bird Book," edited by Mr. F. B. Kirkman, B.A. From the same firm there is to come during the month Parts 5 and 6 of "The Louvre," by Messrs. M. Brockwell and P. Konody, and "The Book of Love," a collection of essays, poems, maxims, and prose passages, arranged by Mr. Arthur Ransome, and "decorated" by Mr. R. T. Rose. Two volumes of sermons are to be brought out by Mr. Elliot Stock. The first is "The Secret of the Quiet Mind," a collection of the Venerable Archdeacon Wilberforce's sermons. The second volume is by the Rev. W. Muspratt, M.A., Chaplain of Coonoor, India, and bears the title "The Work and Power of the Holy Spirit." Messrs. Macmillan have just issued "The Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan," by Mr. Charles L. Graves. It gives an account of the life and work of the younger of the two brothers who founded the publishing firm. They also announce a new edition of Mr. Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies," with illustrations by Mr. Warwick Globe, a book entitled "Alongshore," by Mr. Stephen Reynolds, and Lord Acton's "Lectures on the French Revolution."

The October number of the "Book Monthly" begins its eighth year of life. This most valuable and interesting literary review is to undergo alterations. It will contain henceforward, in addition to the regular features, several new points of interest to everybody who is concerned with literature, novels, and their writers. The present month has also seen the birth of a new monthly magazine called "The Open Window," published by Mr. Looke Ellis. It is quite a charming little production, whose object is "to create a want, and, in creating, to supply it." Its contributors include Messrs. Hugh de Selincourt, Harold Child, St. John Lucas, Vivian Locke Ellis, Charles Marriott, and many other well known writers.

OUR LETTER FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—An uncertain tendency again characterised markets owing to the adverse influences of the French railway strike and the continued relapse in Rubber, although the week opened hopefully for Rubber shares, and a drop of 9d. per lb. in the raw material had a depressing effect upon this section.

Home Rails, which were a feature of strength last week, and showed every sign of continued improvement, had to give way in sympathy with the strike above mentioned, especially the southern lines, which are principally affected by the French trouble. Dover "A," which were at one time firm at 39½, shed ½, while Chatham Second Prefs. and Ordinary gave way in a smaller degree. Our Northern stocks, on the other hand, slightly improved on the prospects of an early settlement of the ship-building strike. It seems all strikes just now, but I pray wise counsels may prevail, and thus save the terrible suffering of the wives and children which is a natural consequence of all these labour troubles.

The Mining Market has not yet taken grace of heart and moved the way so many have been longing for. We all expected an autumn boom. Where is it? Notwithstanding the excellent Gold output for September, it has not helped Kaffirs a little bit, although Rhodesians appear at last to have touched bottom, and now the Duke of Connaught has actually left for the Cape, it may stimulate markets. We are again in the midst of the usual Stock Exchange settlement, which always stops any active move in stocks and shares for a few days.

Several well-known members of the Stock Exchange have made a strong protest to some of the mining houses—Wernher, Beit, and Farrar—on the old point of leakage of information. Some thirty firms have signed this letter, and it is quite time that something was done to prevent this evil. It is most unfair to shareholders in mining companies that outsiders should obtain advance information of the condition of certain mines before the news is published, permitting these people to speculate in the shares with what is practically loaded dice.

Mexican Railways were weaker on profit taking, but the traffic return, which was considered favourable in view of the recent washout, helped prices to hold up. The traffic receipts on the Canadian Pacific had but little effect upon current prices, which held up at 200½, at which price they should be worth holding.

The revolution in Portugal, although feared for some time by the well-informed, was a surprise at the moment, and we have yet to see what ultimate effect it will have upon foreign exchanges. So far, France has taken it quietly, and prices moved in a narrow groove. Portuguese bonds at one time were actively dealt in here, but I fancy of late the interest in them has been waning. Paris, of course, is the market for them, as they have a large amount of capital invested in Portugal, and also Spain. We are all more or less anxious as to how things will work out in Spain, a country which is even more priest-ridden than Portugal. Spain is no doubt prepared for eventualities, but the unexpected so often happens that one must always be concerned as to results. I am told to watch Egyptian securities for a rise; the excellent cotton crop in Egypt is the main reason, and a fair amount of money has for some time been finding its way into Egypt by shrewd investors.

The Central Uruguay Railway is able to raise its dividend for the year from 4½ to 5 per cent. In fact, the distribution could have been even higher had it not been for the fact that the company is wisely placing a portion of the profits to betterment account. The outlook of this railway is generally looked upon as most hopeful.

Mr. Askwith, K.C., is to be congratulated on the tact he has used in bringing the Cotton strike to an end which seems satisfactory to all parties. We should now get some large imports of cotton, which should make business brisk in the Lancashire mills.

The American market is still a good feature, and, as I stated last week, the outlook is distinctly promising. The Government crop report is excellent showing, and I shall be extremely disappointed if we don't see a general rise in Yankees during the next few accounts. Readings have just issued their report, which shows that 1909-1910 was the most prosperous year the company has ever had. After providing for all possible charges, sinking funds, betterments, etc., the profit was \$10,843,000, a truly splendid result for a year's trading. This sum provides for dividends upon the Preferred stocks, and nearly 11 per cent. on the Common stock. The Reading road depends, like the Norfolk and Western, mostly upon the coal trade, and it must be remembered that the year under review was a poor one for the coal industry, showing conclusively that the results obtained were indeed excellent. The Common stock now stands at about 76½ for the \$50 share. With the 6 per cent. just paid on this stock, the yield is \$4 2s. 6d., and with the prospects of an early increase of the dividend from 6 per cent., the stock is, to my mind, cheap.

Notwithstanding the depressed state of the Rubber Market, the position is not so bad as the market indicates, and leads one to anticipate higher prices during the next few months, both in the price of the raw article and the shares. Several companies are already selling forward for 1911. For instance, the Anglo-Malay Rubber Company have disposed of twenty-five tons of their No. 1 rubber in Colombo at a price which works out about 6s. 11d. per lb. in London, and several other companies have done the same. Henriquez Estates, I hear, are doing well not only with their rubber, but also with timber.

The Oil Market shows signs of steady improvement, slow though it may be. The shares of the Oil Development Trust, 2s. shares standing at 3s., came into notice. The company has a large interest in a property near Cadix in Spain, about forty miles from Gibraltar. The company's expert, who has just visited this oil field, reports favourably on the prospects. The company also has many other interests in Mexico, Malakop, and elsewhere.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

FINANCIAL OBSERVER.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

- The Wonders of the World: The Marvels of Nature and Man as They Exist To-day.* Written by Eminent Travellers. Illustrated. Part I. Hutchinson and Co. 7d. net.
- Some Considerations of Medical Education.* By S. Squire Sprigge, M.A., M.D. Baillière, Tindall and Cox. 2s. 6d. net.
- The Phenomenology of Mind.* By G. W. F. Hegel. Translated with an Introduction and Notes by J. B. Baillie. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 2 vols. 21s. net.
- The Evolution of Mind.* By Joseph McCabe. A. and C. Black. 5s. net.
- The First Principles of Heredity.* By S. Herbert, M.D. Illustrated. A. and C. Black. 5s. net.
- Three Years in Tristan da Cunha.* By K. M. Barrow. Illustrated. Skeffington and Son. 7s. 6d. net.
- A Thackeray Dictionary. The Characters and Scenes of the Novels and Short Stories Alphabetically Arranged.* By Isadore Gilbert Mudge and M. Earl Sears. George Routledge and Sons. 8s. 6d. net.
- Maxims and Musings.* By the Marchioness Townshend. Kegan Paul and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
- The Plays of Thomas Love Peacock, Published for the First Time.* Edited by A. B. Young, M.A., Ph.D. David Nutt. 2s. net.
- Daily Bread.* By the late Mrs. Margaret Gatty. Illustrated by E. B. Holden. G. Bell and Sons. 1s. net.
- Parables from Nature.* By Margaret Gatty. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward. G. Bell and Sons. 5s. net.
- Imports and Employment, an Economic Note.* By the Rt. Hon. Russell Rea. Cassell and Co. 1d.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

- Under Five Reigns.* By Lady Dorothy Nevill. Edited by her Son. Second Edition. Illustrated. Methuen and Co. 15s. net.
- Old Kensington Palace and Other Papers.* By Austin Dobson. Illustrated. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
- The Life of Benvenuto Cellini.* A New Version by Robert H. Hobart Cust. 2 vols. Illustrated. G. Bell and Sons. 25s. net.
- The Medieval Church in Scotland; Its Constitution, Organisation and Law.* By the Rt. Rev. John Dowden, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Edinburgh. Illustrated. James Maclehose and Sons, Glasgow. 15s. net.

THEOLOGY

- Meditations on the Life and Teachings of Jesus Christ.* By G. B. Budibent, M.A. With a Preface by P. N. Waggett, M.A., S.S.J.E. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. 6d. net.
- Sufferings with Him: Readings for the Sick.* By Amy Debenham. With an Introduction by the Rev. Canon A. H. B. Brittain, M.A. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
- Before the Altar.* (Abbreviated Edition.) Compiled by the Rev. Robert J. Wilson, D.D. A. R. Mowbray and Co., Ltd. 1s. net.
- Break-up Your Fallow Ground: A Help to Self-Examination.* Edited by the late Most Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, D.D. A. R. Mowbray and Co.
- The Washington Manuscript of Deuteronomy and Joshua.* (The Old Testament Manuscripts in the Freer Collection.) By Henry A. Sanders. Part I. The Macmillan Co., N.Y.
- The Book of the Dead.* By H. M. Tivard. With an introduction by Edward Naville, D.C.L., Ph.D. Illustrated. S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL

- A Study in Latin Abstract Substantives.* By Manson A. Stewart. The Macmillan Co., N.Y.
- Autobiographic Elements in Latin Inscriptions.* By Henry H. Armstrong. The Macmillan Co., N.Y.
- The Pressure of Light.* By J. H. Poynting, Sc.D., F.R.S. S.P.C.K. 2s.
- A Modern Dictionary of the English Language.* Macmillan and Co. 1s. 4d. net.
- Philips' Pictorial Atlas and Gazetteer.* G. Philip and Son. 1s. net.
- Matriculation Directory, with Articles on Text-Books.* University Correspondence College, Burlington House, Cambridge.

FICTION

- Seed of Fire.* By Rachel Swete Macnamara. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.
- His Hour.* By Ellnor Glyn. Frontispiece. Duckworth and Co. 6s.
- Let the Roof Fall In.* By Frank Danby. Hutchinson and Co. 6s.
- The Golden Silence.* By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Coloured Frontispiece by A. H. Buckland. Methuen and Co. 6s.
- The House of Serravalle.* By Richard Bagot. Methuen and Co. 6s.
- The Getting of Wisdom.* By Henry Handel Richardson. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.
- Pongo and the Bull.* By H. Belloc. Constable and Co. 6s.
- Spell Land: The Story of a Sussex Farm.* By Sheila Kaye Smith. G. Bell and Sons. 6s.
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JUVENILE

- The Brownies and Other Tales.* By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward. George Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.
- We and the World. A Book for Boys* by Juliana Horatia Ewing. Illustrated by M. V. Wheelhouse. George Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.
- A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys, and Tanglewood Tales.* Illustrated by Granville Fell. J. M. Dent and Sons. 5s. net.
- Simple Susan.* By Maria Edgeworth. Retold by Louey Chisholm. Illustrated in Colour by Olive Allen. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 2s.
- The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.* By Daniel Defoe. Illustrated in Colour by W. B. Robinson. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 3s. 6d. net.

PERIODICALS

- St. Nicholas; The Book Monthly; The Empire Review; Revue Bleue; The Author; The University Correspondent; The Antiquary; Mercure de France; The Dominion, a Monthly Compendium of Canadian Progress, Winnipeg; National Health; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; Palestine Exploration Fund, Quarterly Statement; The Century Magazine; Cambridge University Reporter; Home Counties Magazine; The Country Home; United Empire; The Book-seller; N.R.A. Journal; Das Land, Berlin.*

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The date specified is the latest at which applications can be received. They must be made on forms to be obtained, with particulars, from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.

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A BROADSIDE

ABOUT THE "BOOK MONTHLY" AND ITS
INCREASING PURPOSE.

Being now seven years old and so grown up, the BOOK MONTHLY enters upon developments with the October number. It has established itself for its bright literary gossip, its well informed literary articles, its advance information about books, its beautiful illustrations; in a word, as a magazine with the true, inner knowledge of the book world. In that tradition it goes forward, enlarged in size and, for the benefit of the general reader, made more popular and more practical in contents and style. It retains all its proved features, but it seeks a broader highway of literary usefulness, appealing not only to the bookseller and the librarian, to the publisher and the bookman, but to everybody who reads books, or likes to read about books. For instance, the former mere catalogue of the month's publications is replaced by a selected, annotated list of the chief new books and new editions. If you consult this list and its accompanying snapshot reviews, you will have guidance enough to the current books of real interest and moment. Indeed, to read the BOOK MONTHLY constantly is to be kept on easy terms with books and authors of the time, in touch with the literary forces of the hour. It is an instructing, entertaining "guide, philosopher and friend," equally for the reader near the centre of things or far away, and it only costs sixpence a month. You can order it regularly from any bookseller, bookstall or newsagent, or the publishers will send it post free, inland and abroad, for a year, for eight shillings.

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FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT LIST.

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The letters contained in this volume were written by Lord Dalhousie to Sir George Couper, Bart., his oldest and dearest friend, though twenty-four years his senior. He and Fox Maule, afterwards Lord Paunsey, were Lord Dalhousie's most favoured correspondents. The letter of September 18, 1849, contains the following passage: "I write to you and Fox Maule—my oldest friend, my nearest kinsman. I have already told you I keep you as a safety-valve, through which I have a right to blow off feelings which I can express to no one in India but my wife, and do express to no one in Europe but your two selves." And so he liberated his mind, vented his wrath, and freely gave his opinion of men and things.

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